

THE MONTH

FEBRUARY 1951

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FREEDOM OF CHOICE¹

By

M. C. D'ARCY & VINCENT TURNER

M. C. D. Our subject is personal freedom, or free will, which I think you will agree is the heart of the matter in all the talk that one hears about freedom. Without it all the rest is bogus. But it isn't altogether easy to say what it is or whether there is such a thing. The word "freedom" has so many senses; we talk about free drinks, freedom from insecurity, Roosevelt's four freedoms, freedom of conscience, and so on.

V. T. Yes. But all those senses are variations on one theme—our rights and powers and potentialities as *human* beings. They are interconnected; there's a thread running through them—freedom of will, as it is called. This, I agree, is what we must discuss.

M. C. D. I hope you will be able to show the interconnection—and that there's such a thing as free will, and that it is as important as is made out.

V. T. Are not all the meanings of freedom connected, in one way or another, in a proper concept of what it is to be a human being—a person? We are organisms, living and developing, but different from flowers and animals in that we have a mind which is both self-conscious and able to come to understand what the world is like and what are or should be our relations with other people; and we have a will which is our own, our self endlessly shaping itself by our own choices. A moment comes when a boy or girl says, "*I should be consulted. I've my own ideas on all that. I want to choose for myself.*" Because this is so, our education has to do with training children to think rightly and to choose rightly for themselves, and we claim the right to be free in a state, politically free, to live free from fear of duress and secret police and threats, to have the chance to earn our own livelihood, to give, if we can, our services of our own accord, to have freedom

¹ The substance of a Third Programme disputation, broadcast on October 18, 1950. Certain passages have, however, been amplified.

of religion—and the rest. We want to be able to choose responsibly. *Responsibility* is our context, and freedom of choice is the freedom we ought to discuss.

M. C. D. But can we be sure we have any such freedom? Some people say we are conditioned by birth and environment and companionship; others say we are bits of nature and that free will cannot be squared with that; others say our characters determine our choice—and this is what the philosophers and psychologists have usually said—or perhaps, if not our characters, then our endocrine glands; and others again have it that it is the unconscious that rules the roost.

V. T. There are bits of truth in all that. I have said we are in a sense parts of nature: our bodies obey chemical and physical laws; there are some things we can do and not others: we cannot jump over the moon, and we can hardly think clearly if we are prostrated with migraine. We are indeed affected by our heredity and our childhood surroundings: from them we have much of the raw material of what we become, the material that we shape: our particular desires and sentiments and emotional responses and interests. From childhood one man is exuberant and vivid, and another shy. One man has the temperament of a Rubens, another that of a Baudelaire. I shall argue that we are free to choose between alternatives, but not that the alternatives are unlimited. Not everybody could have sailed on the Kon-Tiki expedition. We are not free to become everything. Our characters—the set of our desires and interests and emotions—don't indeed determine our choices. I shall urge that choices are not in fact the coming to see that no alternative is open to us. Yet our characters do *incline* us, perhaps very strongly incline and solicit us, to one sort of behaviour, and that is why we can often roughly predict what our friends will do; we are not, as a rule, moral heroes and are apt to take the path of least resistance. But even here we know we can act against the line of least resistance—we surprise ourselves by standing up to a man we are accustomed to yield to—and we know that we can act as well as be acted upon; we are not for ever taking our colour from our surroundings; we are all acquainted with people who put their own mark on them.

M. C. D. But can you produce any evidence to show this? All these are woolly words, and they fly in the face of the hard-headed findings of the scientists.

V. T. Scientific laws are descriptive of phenomena and their sequences, aren't they? Any causal proposition of science is properly denied if there's no warrant for it in the facts. So it is here. The evidence is that I'm not invariably determined by my physical constitution or my psychological make-up, be it as complicated as you like. No, the scientist who knows what he's doing doesn't touch our problem, any more than the doctor who examines my heart considers how much I want him to give me a favourable report. That is to say, we can ask only *ourselves* if we are conscious of being free; there isn't any other source of information. And why should we want any other? It's important to bear in mind that free choices, indeed the sometimes, as we feel it, almost intolerable burden of freedom, are part of our own history that we know intimately from the *inside*. We do after all know what it's like to be free and to exercise our own agency, and a sound empiricism and a sound scientific method must reckon with this knowledge. Indeed, I would be so bold as to say that, strictly speaking, freedom needs no defence. The burden of argument is on the other side.

M. C. D. I hope to make you defend it, because I think a loss of faith in ourselves and our freedom is responsible for much of our present pessimism.

V. T. Yes, and I'd add a timidity about committing ourselves. But take a familiar example. I have an acquaintance who's ill and lonely, and a bore; he's asked me to call; I don't want to, I want to go to a film I know I'll like—and boredom appalls me. Here's a conflict. A duty of a kind, and a strong inclination to enjoy myself—before me. I say "before me." I am *considering* them, and settling what I shall do. Despite the pull of the film, I settle to call on the man. Here you have all the elements: all the motives and desires, knowledge of them and their power, and my free decision—there, I claim, I know I'm free.

I might just as well have taken an example from a situation in which a man acts out of self-interest—because such a man doesn't respond to each desire as it arises; he stands apart from them and judges them, rejects one and indulges another because it fits into his interest on the whole. And I would add that to indulge a desire that arises, or to do what I most want to do, because it's reasonable, is not the same as just to be determined by a desire or just moved to act by it. Or, if you like, to do what I want

isn't just to be pushed by an appetite. But I prefer to stand by my example of choosing to do something because I think I ought to do it; it's a clearer and less complicated one. And if there's no freedom here, most of our ethical words, praise and blame and remorse, would turn out to be meaningless.

M. C. D. Well, it's a fair example, but the answer to it is simple, I think. You know what people would quite sensibly say about you, if you did that. They would say that you're just the kind of man who would go and help a friend instead of doing something more attractive; and it is always the case that we are pressed upon by our character, itself in turn made what it is by our conditions and environment; so that, were we only aware, we should see that we could never say we could have done otherwise than as we in fact did. So, too, if you say you are sorry for doing wrong, what you mean is that you are sorry you are the sort of person to do such a thing. It isn't as plain as you seem to think.

V. T. No, we don't mean that at all. By choosing to visit my acquaintance I show what I am at this moment, not what I was at a previous time. If I say to you "I'm sorry," I do not mean "I'm sorry I'm so made that I found there was no choice open to me." I might indeed say "I'm sorry I'm ill and causing all this bother," but when I *apologize* I know when I am blaming myself and when I'm not. I might say "I'm sorry I've been such a fool," but if I know I'm innocent I know I'm free from blame. We say, don't we, "Yes, he has mismanaged the thing hopelessly, but after all he was doing his best, poor as his best is."

M. C. D. The examples do give some light, but I'm still able to urge that it doesn't prove freedom in the absolute sense you want. I can still say that you help an acquaintance because you are the kind of man who would. After all, I can ask your friends what you would be likely to do, and they would tell me you are sure to do what you claim freely to do. We just can't act out of character, and heredity and environment make us what we are. We aren't disembodied spirits. You are giving character no place at all.

V. T. The place is this. Owing to heredity and education, we have a certain set of interests and our own temperament. Moreover, as we shape ourselves, some choices become far more difficult—if I get slack and go on refusing to make the effort

needed for difficult reading or hard work, the more I have to go counter to the set of my inclinations if I choose to pull myself together. But it can be done, because people do it. Our predictions about people *can* be proved wrong.

M. C. D. I see how you bring character back into the picture. But in such a way, it seems to me, as to land you in what people call "relativity of morals." A Bantu has his environment and his own morals, his own good and bad choices. So, too, a Marxist and a capitalist. What I mean is this. You remind me of breeders of stocks, dog breeders, for instance. They condition and breed dogs so that their bodies and characters vary, and the dogs have varying responses to situations according to their function and the make-up the breeder has settled for them. You see what I mean. If our choices work within a field of character, then there is no such thing as a constant and universal right and good, open to us and to choices.

V. T. Oh yes, there are differences of emphasis between the moral codes of a nomad and a farmer. But, really, this is a strange objection from a moralist who, like you, has found much that is true and illuminating in Plato and Aristotle. As a Christian, too, you hold many moral ideas that came out of Judea two thousand years ago, and earlier. The Hebrew prophets are clear-eyed about justice. And there did once live a man called Confucius. Frankly, all this talk of relativity is superficial or muddled. No time for that now. We cannot talk about everything. But we are confident that by education and civilization we have succeeded partially, and can succeed more, in growing more enlightened in matters like justice and cruelty, say, and human personality—its diseases, its roots, its mystery, the fostering of its integrity. There have been and are, I know, philosophers who say that right and wrong are emotional words and standards are subjective, simply expressive and evocative of "attitudes." But even these philosophers nowadays will tell you that they are not disputing the facts, that there is a right and wrong and we know there is; they will say that they are simply talking about what we all know in a novel language to bring out certain points.

M. C. D. That meets part of my difficulty, though I don't follow your last remark. But against all your talk of objective values I can appeal to what is less vague. You can't deny, can you, that the scientists are little by little giving scientific and

causal explanations of everything that our simple ancestors thought to be free and spontaneous. We human beings are part of universal nature: we are begotten and born and die and belong to the one world of effect and cause and regular sequence.

V. T. Scientists have always aimed at simplicity and economy and comprehensiveness. Any scientific law is legitimately denied, as I've already said, if the evidence doesn't warrant it. But I'd go further. Suppose a visitor from Mars were to watch two people playing chess. He would find that they weren't at liberty to move their pieces just as they liked, but that the moves of every piece were carefully regulated, and that there was an elaborate set of rules. Reasoning on your lines, he might conclude that there was no room for deliberation or for skill. He might infer that the game was easily predictable from the rules. Knowing what chess is, we know that it is not predictable like that, and we know why. Now suppose I lift my arm to pull down the sash. Do I or don't I know the difference between lifting my arm and having it lifted for me? And I press that example and say—loose language, if you like, but enough for the moment—that if there wasn't a system of causes and effects and regular sequences, fairly determined, a determinism in nature that I could rely on, I could never pursue any purpose, any initiative of my own, and I could never even set about raising my arm, still less intend to pull down a sash.

M. C. D. You mean that your freedom works within this series of causes?

V. T. Yes, and that we ourselves are the authors of activity and the initiators of change in the world—as when Sophocles wrote the *Antigone* or as when I lift my arm to pull down the sash.

M. C. D. I should like to hear you develop that if there were time, but I own it would take us into a good deal of physical science. But that example will not do. It's a well-known fact that a certain electrical stimulation to your nervous system can cause you to raise your arm, and that in doing so you may be convinced nevertheless that you are raising it freely, of your own accord. But you are not. Feeling is a poor guide if you feel you are free and are so easily deluded.

V. T. I am not relying on *feeling* for my evidence. My point is that I can know what and why I am choosing. It's obvious

that we are at times deceived and deceive ourselves. That proves nothing. Very much the reverse. Did I never in fact genuinely know what it was to be free I could never even have the illusion of it. My senses may sometimes deceive me, but it does not follow either that they always do or that I can never trust them. It doesn't follow from the fact that a friend betrays my confidence that nobody is ever to be trusted. Illusion makes no sense without reality, any more than shadows without substance. On the strength of occasional delusions, in, say, sense perception, a sceptic may want to say that we may be deluded every time and can never be sure, and if he's thorough-going enough I doubt whether his obsession can be satisfied. But we should all agree that it was silly. But surely in the example I gave, I know my choice is free; I know what I'm doing and that I am not compelled.

M. C. D. If I understand you, you are distinguishing between feeling your body is doing something and choosing a motive freely. Very well. Stick to your example, of choosing to visit your boring sick friend, because you think you ought, rather than to go to a film. You have two motives before your mind, and one prevails. But now you are in a dilemma. Either you must accept the stronger motive as that which determines the choice, or else your choice is capricious and irrational—a Jack-in-the-box decision. I can't help feeling that you have the belief that this freedom of yours consists in the power to be perfectly capricious and to do as you like. Here, then, is my dilemma which I doubt if you'll get out of: either that choice of yours is determined by the stronger motive and by the bent of your character as it in fact is, generous or not, or it's capricious and motiveless, and so not anything you can be praised for.

V. T. I used the expression *I ought*. When I say "*I ought to do something*," what do I mean if not that *I*, I myself, am the responsible agent and can, however much my desires and the set of my character may tug in the opposite direction? And when I say "*I ought*," I'm aware of a universe of duties or of good, larger than myself, in which all men share. I'm neither a puppet in that vast world nor am I living in a selfish paradise of my own likes. It's true that I have passionate feelings, *and* it's true that I've a dreadful sense of responsibility as if who knows how much were depending on my now deciding rightly. I'm like the runner anxiously poised to catch the baton of his teamsman in the relay,

and to streak away. This image of running, mark you, is a good one. I'm not static or fixed, standing still in my character. It goes along with me, and what it is depends *all* the time on how I run. Whatever I decide, I'm making or unmaking my character. Please don't call *that* acting capriciously. No more am I riveted to my character, either, than I'm riveted to my past. Character just isn't that sort of thing. It's not a machine nor a ghostly double of one. I make my character and show what it now is by what I now choose to do. Do let us exorcise this image of character as a ghostly machine, a system of pushes and pulls, quasi-mechanical responses and the rest. It's a myth. Character, to repeat, isn't that sort of thing.

M. C. D. From what you say, free will may not be capricious. But I still don't see how it is reasonable, or whether it even makes sense, to say you can defy the stronger motive. Swayed by two motives, a man follows the stronger and that is why he acts as he does. If he doesn't, you cannot say why he acts as he does or otherwise account for his choice. So my difficulty remains. Either the stronger motive prevails and we are determined; or else choice is, not capricious perhaps, but certainly unreasonable.

V. T. "Motive" is a most ambiguous word, and so is "strongest motive." I don't know what you mean. If you mean the motive that in fact prevails, that's a tautology and it doesn't help. If you don't mean that, I'm not sure how you could compare motives—how you would choose at midnight between your desire to go to bed and your desire to write to your grand-aunt in Australia. I think you mean that some motives—and by that we seem to be meaning desires, inclinations and so on—are much more keenly felt than others and very difficult to resist. But we do in fact at times reject the desires that urge us most hotly; and we do act against the line of least resistance. But you can't separate these desires from the *I*. The battle between desires or motives doesn't take place in an arena, myself, with myself watching—and waiting to be carried off by the victor. No, it's I who am struggling and deciding what I am going to do.

M. C. D. But surely, if challenged, I have to give a reason why I choose one motive in preference to the other. And what is this if not that it is the stronger? Otherwise, how does it come about that one is preferred to the other?

V. T. The simple answer is that I preferred the one to the

other. Or, to put it in a way that some people find paradoxical, I own my character but I am not it; which is only a slightly abstract way of saying that my character doesn't do my choosing for me, that I don't come to find what it has done, but that I must do my choosing for myself. And that's why I can take my character in hand. I should agree, of course, that for much of the time much of what I do isn't done with full deliberation, I don't bring the whole of myself to bear on it, I act in semi-habitual, routine ways, and, not being a hero, I do often enough follow the line of least resistance and the bent of what, up to now, I have made of myself. But it is *I* myself who am morally to be praised or blamed, and that because I am not pushed or propelled into what I choose by forces that thrust from behind, so to speak—if they do, as, say, in mental illness or in some neurotic obsession, I am not held responsible—but because I choose for reasons that are before me, that I know and can acknowledge and own. I liked your talking of reasons rather than of motives, because the word “motives” can mean both “reasons” in the usual sense of answers to “Why did you do this?” and also desires and dispositions in the sense of impelling causes, causes that push or move you to action. The question “Why did you do this?” isn't, after all, always or only answered by referring to a person's appetites or inclinations. I can often give a reason, as when I say, “I will do this because this is what I promised and I ought to keep my word.”

M. C. D. But is this all the explanation you propose to give of why you *prefer* one motive to another? You explain at most why you choose one or the other; you do not explain the preference itself.

V. T. What *are* you asking? Put it this way. You ask me why I chose one in preference to the other, and you say that if I won't give an answer in terms of strength of motive or character, my choice is irrational. To that I reply quite simply, that I have a reason which I can give for choosing either alternative, the one because, let's say, I think I ought to visit my grandmother, the other because I want to get on with a congenial job of work. Whichever I choose, I have a reason. My choice, then, isn't irrational or capricious. If you go on to ask why do I choose one *in preference* to the other, I then reply that you are simply asking why am I free—or, even, what determines me to be free. And

I answer that the question "Why am I free?" isn't now a psychological question at all. It's perhaps a silly question. It might be a sensible metaphysical question, but on the descriptive level at which we are talking the answer is: I choose one in preference to the other because I am free to choose either, and I do in fact freely choose this one for this reason that I give you.

M. C. D. Yes, that does bring out both the obviousness and the mystery of free choices, and of being a person. But I'll follow up what you are saying. As against what you are arguing now, I would say that you are supposing that your character and your desires and motives are all there, known or felt, in your consciousness—at any rate, that you are consciously choosing between motives. But I would remind you that there's a large area of you that you don't understand, don't even know anything about, which is working on you, affecting you, determining you, that which the modern psychiatrist calls the unconscious. From your point of view, claiming the freedom of choice that you do, it's like an unknown enemy silently overrunning the rear: you can't know anything about it, but it's always there, so that what you *think* you choose freely you can never *know* to be freely chosen: at any moment or always it might be chosen for motives that you know nothing about. You can never know what makes you act, because there are all sorts of unknown things acting behind the scenes.

V. T. The simplest answer to that is that you, or a psychologist, are again asking me the old peculiar question: you are asking me to say what determines me to be free. By freedom of choice I *mean* that it depends on me and my choice which of two courses I adopt: I'm like the signal-box man who switches a train to Blackpool, or to Glasgow. There is much about myself that I don't know—and, mark you, there's much that I do know which I neglect in my choices: a frightened footballer may choose not to foul for the reason he avows (namely, that it's not sport), though he's aware how frightened he is; an aggressive employer may choose to fight his manager, because it's his purpose to see justice done, though he knows a fight is gratifying. However much there may be about myself that I don't yet know, I do know I live in a world I can share with others, that I can agree or disagree with others in argument, in a common-room or a pub, for reasons that can be stated on both sides, that I can some-

times discover the truth of a matter, conscious or no unconscious, that I can co-operate with others in alleviating human misery or in persecution. I can say, "This is what I choose to do, and this is the reason why, and I do know what I am doing." If I can never say this and know, then there is nothing I can ever know about anything whatever.

M. C. D. But you are perfectly well aware that a man may keep on washing his hands, and that if you ask him why, he'll give you a reason; he'll say: "Because my hands are dirty and I like to keep them clean." But in fact, of course, the real reason isn't that at all; it's some emotional experience he's had that's now buried in the depths of his unconscious, and this is causing him, constantly, symbolically to wash his hands.

V. T. This unconscious isn't so unknowable after all, then. Of course there may be in myself motives and desires of whose *nature* I am ignorant, but I should deny that there are unconscious desires or motives that affect me without some awareness on my part of their impulsive *force*. I don't know what they are, but they make their presence felt. Your man who cannot stop washing his hands, or a man who can't stop shaking a door to make sure it is *really* shut, is quite aware that he's impelled to do it, perhaps obsessively impelled, though he doesn't know what it is that impels him. So your example doesn't help. The determinist wants to say that our motives always determine choices by their strength, whether it's a particular desire or a desire automatically reinforced by something like what a McDougall calls the self-regarding sentiment—as when a man overcomes a desire that is felt as stronger by his fear of being thought ill of or by his wish to stand well in his own eyes: I reply that we can and do sometimes choose against the strength of all our present desires. I can choose to do what is unattractive, even if I know, in addition, that I shall meet only with social disapproval; and unless "self-regarding sentiment" is only a misnomer for conscience, some people, like the saints, have no interest whatever in standing well in their own eyes, but make it their effort to rinse away every trace of self-love. If now an unconscious desire is invoked, you are no better off, because the strength of this desire, its driving force, is felt, and nobody, I hope, is going to believe that what we most strongly desire may be felt as what we don't most strongly desire.

M. C. D. But even so the man who has an obsession about

washing his hands isn't free not to wash them, and it remains that many of our reasons are what are nowadays called rationalizations.

V. T. No, he isn't, I agree, not at once. But we recognize that obsessions and mental illness impel us to things that we aren't responsible for, precisely because they aren't free. But to cure a mental illness is to try somehow to restore to a man who is crippled the exercise of his freedom in some particular respect, and yet the cure can proceed only through the co-operation of the patient's will. This is getting us away from my point. You talked of rationalization. Take another example. A man may choose to go crusading, in the name of justice, for the abolition of gambling or of prisons; and we may shake our heads and say, "He talks of justice, but he's really an exhibitionist, or a man with an infantile passion for domination." And it may be so. We can delude ourselves. But the possibility of delusion is no argument that we can never know what we are doing and why we are doing it.

In other words, what I am arguing can be put shortly this way: when I choose deliberately to keep my word because that is what I ought to do—or to be steadfastly loyal—I do know what I am doing and why, and if I don't know what I am doing then, I never can, and to live not knowing what you are doing seems to me as good a description of madness as you could wish.

A man may be so cowed by fear, or so doped by drugs, or so emotionally affected that we say "He's no longer himself, he's not in possession of himself, he's not responsible, he doesn't know what he's doing, he's under a delusion," and we know what we mean. But we could hardly say *that*, if at *any* moment any of us could be so worked on by our unconscious that we might not be in possession of ourselves and not know whether we were or were not.

M. C. D. At the beginning, I remember, I asked for a key-meaning of the word "freedom" that would open the door to the other senses in which the word is used. But now you have made freedom so personal—I will not say capricious—that it seems to be as near *laissez-faire* as makes no difference and to rule out all that we are trying to do through guidance and interference by parents and teachers and government. But doesn't education aim at getting rid of this very individualistic "Don't

touch me" freedom of yours, and doesn't it in fact look for a kind of conformism? The facts surely are that education is an instrument for moulding people to a purpose, so that freedom of choice is limited in proportion as the education is successful.

V. T. The freedom I am trying to uphold isn't this bizarre, or anarchic, individualism at all. In talking of freedom I have already used phrases like self-possession and mastery, self-determination.

M. C. D. But all this is out of Henley: "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul." What a ghastly prospect!

V. T. Not with those overtones. It is a half truth. You know no less than I that it is our glory to lose ourselves in a love in which we find ourselves, to be outward-going and giving without self-regard. We ought to come back on that. But even these very phrases like "self-possession" are revealing. They hint at an ideal and goal of freedom, a perfect freedom, in which a man freely gives himself without recall to what is fine and noble. We ought to develop that. But before going on there are one or two points that I must try to clear up.

You hit the wrong note when you use the word "conformism." No soulless conformism is sought, no inculcated responses or routines that rot the soul and blight initiatives. What is sought is, among other things, the unity of a free people agreeing together in their ideals and in their world policies.

M. C. D. So you need to combine freedom and agreement of wills?

V. T. Yes, and that's the task of an education that deserves the name. We know quite well that the education of a human being isn't like dressage or the house-training of an Alsatian, and we know why and how it differs. Again, it just isn't that *sort* of thing.

My next point is this. We talk of freedom of will as we are liable to talk of civilization, that is, as if it were a power given once for all, invulnerably. In a sense that's correct, but in an important sense it isn't. A man who consents to casual desires as they arise or to some one besetting craving, for drink, say, or for ease and indolence, makes it progressively harder for himself to get the upper hand over his desires or his craving. We say that he becomes less master of himself, less in possession of his self, that through his choices his freedom is dwindling—just as we

say that through other choices freedom grows. This is a commonplace. There's nothing mysterious about it. The training of a dancer, for instance, also illustrates what I mean.

If a man has trained himself, with the help of a good home and education and good friends, to resist the domination of casual desires or callousness or egoism and to choose instead what is fine and good and to follow a high ideal, we do in fact call him not less but more free, and in a sense the freer the more unswervingly he follows it. A man may so deeply love his wife that infidelity and disloyalty are never among the things he has to choose against, and we don't say that such a man is less free than the man who is equipoised between loyalty and disloyalty, fidelity and infidelity, do we?

M. C. D. No, I quite agree so far with that.

V. T. Well, now, this self that I've been defending—and saying that it's more than its character, this freedom of choice, isn't anarchic, bizarrely individualistic. Knowing what good and bad are, and reaching out to an ideal, we *can* work together in a common endeavour, we *can* co-ordinate our purposes in a shared ideal we know to be noble.

M. C. D. That's just the trouble. Because now you seem to me to be ready to hand us over right into the hands of the dictators, of the Nazis and the Communists. No anarchy with them. They have and propose an ideal, and the word "good" for them means their ideal and what it involves in the way of repression and violence and secret police, no privacy of life, body-and-soul-subservience to the State or the Party, and all the rest.

V. T. I suppose that everything that's noble and lovely has its parody, and some parodies are diabolical. But to say that there's an ideal for the self to give itself to and grow into and a finer freedom, or to say that education has a purpose and a goal, is not to say that any ideal or any goal will do. We want one to the measure and stature of human personality itself. Even liberal education has its parody; for some people think that the ideal of intelligence is an equable and open-minded scepticism that makes it a vulgarity to have any convictions about anything, and that the ideal of will is a complete disposability, as Gide put it, a universal detachment that will not adhere to any cause or any consistently pursued aim. But to that totalitarianism isn't the only alternative.

M. C. D. You let yourself off too easily. You have suggested that there is another sense of the word "freedom" according to which it is an ideal to be aimed at. In conceding this, you are admitting all those who will use constraint to make you realize this ideal, who will force you to be free. It's precisely because this word "freedom" is used in an ideal sense of being the perfect man or the perfect citizen or the perfect warrior or something of that kind that the State or a Dictator can bring coercion and say, "Very well, we will train you. We'll have laws to make you that. We'll have societies and organizations and we'll so condition you that you'll voluntarily say 'This is the perfection of man. This is splendid. Perfection is to be the good Nazi, blood and country and everything else,' " and you'll freely choose all that, cleaving to an ideal you call freedom in the highest sense or good in the real sense.

V. T. I couldn't agree more that words like "ideal" and "real" and "true" have had a shady history and that, often, as the philosophers say, they have been used emotively, as part of the persuasive vocabulary of a salesman selling his wares. Political philosophers have sometimes argued that slavery is *real* freedom, that the will of a Dictator expresses the *ideal* or *real* will of the people, that it has, not their everyday consent, but their *true* consent. But what follows from that? Only that, like education itself, no words are fool-proof, that everything can have its parody—and, I should add, that impulses that initially are fine, like an impulse of self-sacrifice and surrender to an ideal, can very readily be exploited and perverted.

When St. Augustine prayed for chastity, "but not yet," when he prayed to be free of the slavery of habits and to have "real" self-possession, "but not yet," we know what he meant. And we feel that the rich young man knew very well what Christ meant when he said: "If you will be perfect, go and sell all that you have and give it to the poor, and come and follow me."

M. C. D. But doesn't it remain that the discipline of education and the laws of a state limit the freedom you have been talking about? And aren't human beings so malleable that they can be moulded into whatever shape a powerful enough organizer wants?

V. T. It depends on what sort of education and what sort of laws. Here's the Antigone and Kreon situation again. Here again there's a good which the State ought to protect and promote,

safeguard the conditions of it—personal rights and claims that at its peril it will interfere with. If a sound education is the teaching of people to know and choose what is good and to love it wherever it is to be found—how do you set about it? Not, obviously, as they did in the Hitler Youth. No, a good educator needs to have some knowledge of the best for man, and what he strives for is to bring his pupils to recognize it for themselves, and freely adopt it. Hence it is that he tries to get them to discipline themselves to reject the shoddy and superficial and the second-rate, in reading and seeing and scholarship and thinking; he tries to teach them to get rid of, grow out of, what's lazy and self-centred in conduct, he tries to have them open the windows of the imagination and the mind, to discard false images and prejudices, to refine the emotions. All this he does, because he wants them to be able, the more unswervingly and warmly, to recognize and appreciate what is good and to choose that. These choices aren't haphazard, because goodness isn't haphazard. No *laissez-faire* here. Choices of good or right are not anarchic—nor are they, either, conformist or party-line options. Of course, there's nothing that is fool-proof. No doubt every purposive education runs a danger, as we well know, of slipping into some kinds of moral compulsion, of producing some conformism, and every co-ordinating ideal runs a risk of narrowness. And, God knows and we do by now, if the ideal is a bad and a false one and is cleverly managed, it can of course pervert those who have given themselves to it, the more profoundly the more over-arching it is. To some extent human nature is, as you say, malleable. But you can't mould it like wax or beat it into shape like copper. And I confess I don't quite have the picture of the young Party Member freely consenting to an ideal which, as he surrenders himself to it, rings true and indisputably good. There are factors like fear, and jumping on the bandwagon and securing your niche; there's the sinister satisfaction of shouldering off personal responsibility, of losing your self body and soul in the excitement or lure of a cause that feeds your pride, and calling it self-sacrifice; there's the lust after power, the passions of frustrated egoism, and there's the strange love of destruction and disintegration.

M. C. D. As you say, human beings do strange things—as if they were half-angels, half-devils. But what lies behind all your arguments is your belief and understanding of human nature and

of what it means to be a person. This throws light on the varied uses of the word "freedom"—in fact gives them a connected meaning. The body and the mind and will of each of us are ever changing; the change can't be stopped, and part of it happens despite us. But we are not wholly passive to the change; we can resist one kind and adopt another. We are responsible; this self is ours, and it is we ourselves who say Yes or No. Each person has his own kingdom, his own soul to make or spoil, and a gift to give mankind. Each of us is unique and beyond price—a constant surprise to ourselves and others. We are offered, day in day out, evil, the less good and the genuinely good, and by our choices we grow, because we become what we love. The common and necessary form of free will consists, then, in an unremitting fight to get rid of the barbarian in us, of the shoddy and superficial, to free ourselves of meanness, selfishness and hate, to do one's duty steadfastly and sacrifice oneself for others. By this means we become free in the sense of mastering ourselves and getting the best out of what is in us; and no one is so damp and mottled that he can't be somebody, that is, himself. I have met some men who seemed to have all their powers bent like a bow to one aim. The madman is like this by disintegration; the great man is such by composition—like a great work of art—with one ruling ideal. Such men could be terrifying, because they are burningly alive. But true ideals do not char; they elevate or kindle an answering flame.

Now the common freedom I have been describing produces a higher kind of freedom, the freedom of a man who is not tied down by what tethers weak people like ourselves. He is not enslaved to passions or trifles; he is independent of comforts: not upset at hard beds, in cold or in heat, at a bad dinner, at sneers and unpopularity. He is free to carry out what he thinks wise and generous. You may say that this is too hard for most, and it is true that freedom is not an indulgence but a terrifying responsibility—an almost intolerable burden. Each of us carries the world on his shoulders; we are committed and engaged in a cosmic fight for what is true and fair; and our choices are like a fire which can warm or burn ourselves and others. Fortunate are those who have a firm ideal on which to rely, and still more fortunate those who believe in the grace of God and a loving Providence. Freedom is essential for self-development and is its

crown. The ideal, however, is not that of enlightened self-interest, not Eros even at its highest. The more we have and are, the more we wish to give—and that is one reason why the highest freedom is to be found in the Christian ideal, when we give our all to the finest of causes, to Love itself; and Love, containing, as Dante said, in one volume all that is lovely and desirable, gives us in return life full and overflowing with happiness.

ENGLISH GOTHIC PAINTING¹

By

JOHN H. HARVEY

IN the present age, the word "artist" has become vulgarly synonymous with "painter" and for many people, painting very nearly comprehends art. In a civilization dominated by utilitarian and money values, it is easy to understand how the easel-picture has gradually become a super-currency or speculative commodity. The value of pictures is highly susceptible to outside influences; to those possessed of a certain degree of sensibility they have intrinsic interest at the same time that they provide an amusing gamble; and a knowledgeable word from one of the higher critics can be as exciting, and perhaps more productive, than a tip from Throgmorton Street. In another direction, it is possible to trace a likeness between the transfer fees that pass between professional football clubs, and the sums paid for works by living, and sometimes starving, painters.

Along with this economy goes a philosophy of art. Regardless

¹ *English Medieval Wall Painting: The Thirteenth Century*, by E. W. Tristram. 2 vols., xiv + 651 pp.; 218 + 59 plates. Oxford University Press for the Pilgrim Trust (London: Cumberlege, 1950, £21).

of material rewards (which others will be only too glad to snatch up), the artist must give himself over to self-expression, and paint "for art's sake" alone. He is to reveal his own subconscious rather than explore universal values. Instead of pursuing beauty—what is capable of giving delight to others—he must soliloquise in a symbolic language known only to himself. Within limits imposed by the prices which dealers care to pay him, the artist has for the first time won perfect freedom.

Freedom of this kind was certainly unavailable to the artist (and not alone the painter) who lived in the Middle Ages. From the eighth Christian century to the sixteenth, that is from the emperor Charles I, or Charlemagne, to his successor Charles V, Western Europe was dominated by an idea: that of the Universal Church. Inheriting the administrative unity of the pagan Roman Empire, the Roman Church was able to impose upon diverse peoples in different stages of cultural development a notion of unity. Starting in the sphere of theology and philosophy, this concept affected every department of life. The manifold activities of man were considered as parts of a single co-ordinated whole. In particular, those products of human skill which involved an aesthetic factor: namely, art in its strict sense, were valued as reflections of a Higher Order, not of this world. The various products of art were regarded as symbols in a highly articulated language, to be learned by the artist and carefully observed in all its rules.

This language, the typically medieval iconography, had been formulated in its essentials before 1100, and indeed goes back to much earlier sources. It was the chief specifically Christian contribution to Romanesque Art, which was based on and deliberately imitated the forms and techniques of the old Roman Empire. In this imitative and derivative aspect, notwithstanding the new iconography and borrowings from Eastern sources, the Romanesque aesthetic tended towards fossilization. As has been seen much later in the deliberate revival of Roman forms after the Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and in the Gothic Revival of the nineteenth, the pains taken in copying the art of former times are not justified by the production of a new and living organism.

Thus the art of the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries, beautiful as it often is, was losing direction, becoming stagnant. It was

besides, by nature, an art of static masses. Such movement as there had been in Roman art itself was slow and ponderous; all its outlines are broad, rounded and obtuse. It is perhaps not altogether fanciful to find these qualities exemplified in the Latin language itself. The art at least, in common with the language, is expressive of duration, power and fortitude. And it was precisely these qualities which were needed by the civilization of the Dark and early Middle Ages, when Church and Empire were fighting a battle for life against outer chaos. At such a time, defensive characteristics were of supreme value. In their most obvious form, these are seen in the massive walls and narrow windows of Romanesque buildings, physically forming a bulwark against the savage raider; spiritually guarding the traditions and learning of the clerical order from the rude, lay world without.

The space of two centuries, from 1100 to 1300, saw this static system of passivity and defence transformed; it became active, dynamic, and went over to the attack. A new energy was acquired, leading to fresh exploration, fresh discovery, and the humanism which reached its culmination in the founding of the Orders of Friars in the thirteenth century. Not least, the new outlook was expressed by new forms in art. Mass was replaced by articulation and outline, the semicircular by the pointed arch, the obtuse and solid by the pierced and acute. Yet this transformation took place within the ideal unity of the West: the essentials of belief, of liturgical practice, of iconography, remained unchanged.

Historically, this revolution-in-evolution is of extraordinary interest, and deserves the most careful and detailed study in all its aspects. Especially worthy of attention are the products of this transition in the arts. As research proceeds it becomes clear that many, possibly the most important, impulses behind this great movement, the movement towards what we know as Gothic Art, were ethnic in character. They stemmed from the traditional cultures of the northern nations brought, from the sixth century onwards, within the orbit of the Western Church. The pre-occupation with linear pattern, characteristic of the new Gothic art, had been equally prominent in the ornament of the Celtic tribes of Gaul and Britain, and in post-Roman times reappeared to influence the cognate arts of the barbarians of Germanic stock who established themselves by the sword in Britain and France,

and whose descendants, the Normans, provided the backbone of the First Crusade, and founded fresh dynasties in the Mediterranean.

Chief of the Norman kingdoms was England, and it is with the sphere of Norman influence on both sides of the English Channel that the origins of Gothic art are bound up. Emerging first in architecture, the tangible evidences of the new spirit can be traced back in Burgundy, in Normandy, and in Norman England to a date shortly after 1100. Sculpture was hardly affected until the half-century was past, and for a distinctively Gothic style in painting Europe had to wait until the opening of the thirteenth century. It is then with the work of a period of crucial importance that Professor Tristram deals in the second volume of his standard work on *English Medieval Wall Painting*.

The author has taken the fullest possible advantage of a magnificent, and so far unparalleled, opportunity. Owing to the large number of documentary sources available for the period, this book is far more than a chronological continuation of the corpus of extant and vanished but recorded paintings which formed the chief contents of its twelfth-century predecessor. The same plan has been preserved, and this in itself implies vast expansion on account of the much greater volume of known works. The plates alone on this occasion fill a separate volume as large as the text and plates combined for the earlier period. The text and catalogue occupy another, half as big again. And here perhaps may be voiced the only complaint against the magnificent production of these volumes. It was a serious error of judgment to print a text of the highest historical importance and considerable literary value, on pages ten inches wide in single column, and in a single volume weighing twelve pounds. This is emphatically a book to be read, and it is unfortunate that its circle of readers should be severely limited, not only by its unavoidably high price, but by its uncomfortable format.

Regarded as a reference book to be consulted in libraries, the work is quite beyond praise. The Pilgrim Trust and their publishers are greatly to be congratulated on the layout, the excellence of paper and binding, and the exquisite quality of the plates. The coloured frontispieces to both volumes, and plates 1 and 73 are particularly to be noticed for their extraordinary fidelity as well as for the great intrinsic beauty of their subjects. The printing of

the text, of the main series of collotype plates, and of the supplementary half-tone blocks on heavy art-paper, is of the very highest quality.

It would be superfluous to speak of the fine quality of Professor Tristram's drawings themselves, were it not that the illustrations of his former volume had been subjected to very severe criticism on the ground that they should have been photographs. This is a little like a plea for Hamlet without the Prince, but in so far as there is a serious case for the preservation and publication of direct photographic records where they can adequately be made, it is encouraging to learn from the preface that a final volume of photographs only, covering the whole period from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, is in prospect. In the meantime, a considerable number of photographic reproductions have been included in this volume, and form a valuable and interesting supplement to the unsurpassable drawings.

It is not sufficiently realized that a photographic plate, equally with an artist's copy, is an interpretation. The aim of both is the proper apprehension by the beholder of the quality and being of the object represented. Even with straightforward architectural subjects, still more with landscapes (and carefully avoiding all mention of the passport portrait), the camera can produce, and in highly competent hands as well as clumsy ones, most misleading results. But wall-paintings provide a far more difficult test: they are seldom in good condition, and defects and stains result in tonal renderings indistinguishable from the painting itself. Furthermore, reproduction by printing processes of such subjects often involves considerable manual interference in the form of "touching-up" before a practicable result is obtained. For the rest, there is here ample material for comparison of the two methods, which can in one instance (the Chichester Roundel) be supplemented by reference to plate 6 of Mr. Walter Oakeshott's recent book *The Sequence of English Medieval Art*, where direct colour-photography has been employed.

The primary purpose of the plates and catalogue is to provide a complete corpus of all significant remains of English wall painting that fall within the thirteenth century. Thanks to the almost incredible industry and patience of Professor Tristram in recording so large a number of paintings with meticulous accuracy, and to the almost equal patience with which he has, assisted

by Mrs. Monica Bardswell, brought descriptions, documentary extracts and bibliography together in the exhaustive catalogue, this purpose has been achieved, in full measure and brimming over. The general utility of the book is further increased by a copious index, a county list of the paintings, and an iconographical table occupying twenty columns. This is admirably arranged under headings and sub-headings so that all the occurrences, extant and destroyed, of a particular subject can be seen at one view.

The subjects as seen in the illustrations reveal the period in its unity, and also in its diversity. The astonishing progress from the hieratic figures of the opening century, their Romanesque stiffness hardly awakened as yet by the Gothic breeze, to the lively and realistic figures of less than a hundred years later, is the outstanding impression. Striking also are the rapid spread of treatments founded on direct observation of nature: the floral scrolls, the fishes at St. Christopher's feet (Little Missenden), the beginnings of the English preoccupation with birds (St. Francis at Wiston, Suffolk), the grotesque faces based on the masks of the Miracle Plays. Everywhere, too, the northern and especially English fondness for sharply linear draughtsmanship is evident. In spite of the continuity of iconographical scheme, the works produced towards 1300 belong to a different world altogether from that of the Romanesque paintings of the first volume. And the distinction is heightened by the increasing use of frames and details taken from contemporary architectural practice, so unmistakably Gothic in form and outline.

Making due allowance for the survival of old fashions in districts remote from the Court and greater ecclesiastical centres, there is a prevalent homogeneity of style, overriding the regional distinctions recognized by Professor Tristram in his topographical discussion. There is nothing comparable to the strong regionalism of the provincial schools of painting in medieval France, Italy or Germany. England, already a vigorously national unit in the thirteenth century, developed in painting, as in architecture and sculpture, a single national style. Regional, county and district "schools" can be recognized, and the special attributes of particular places (and even individual masters), but there are no great gulfs or sharp cleavages. There is, however, a more marked distinction between works of major and minor quality: the

decorations of the normal village church, though they might follow the same iconographic scheme as at St. Albans or Westminster, were technically and aesthetically far inferior. Though almost always effective, they were often crude.

At the outset, Professor Tristram makes this distinction abundantly clear, and his observations are noteworthy in view of the amount of nonsense that has been talked and written about the derivation of aesthetic values from folk- and peasant-art. "The successive changes and the fresh developments that resulted from the achievement of novel modes of expression or the adoption of new technical formulae . . . were the products of the supremely creative minds concentrated in centres of culture and maintaining contact with the finest work of the day, not only in painting but in the other arts, such as miniature and sculpture." Summing up the whole of the evidence (and it must be stressed that Professor Tristram is one of the first who has ever passed in review the *whole* of one country's medieval production of a major art), he writes of this crucial point: "while the centres of aesthetic culture seem to have been chiefly responsible for stylistic advances and technical improvements, the common practice of the art in the countryside, always in intimate contact with the life of ordinary men and women, enriched the artistic tradition with certain vivid and vital qualities drawn from that source." But though the initiative did not belong to the cruder, peasant painters of the provinces, their work reached a high level of decorative quality, and displayed one merit now of great rarity in any art: "they exhibit to a notable degree that quality of perfect harmony with their environment that is noticeable in buildings constructed by indigenous labour from local materials, and situated in the setting to which they naturally belong."

This is by no means the only aspect of medieval history on which the book throws a flood of new light. In addition to the corpus of paintings themselves, a very large body of documentary evidence, much of it hitherto unpublished, is brought together, and from the remains and documents combined Professor Tristram draws a number of quite inescapable conclusions on several subjects of the utmost importance to the student of the Middle Ages. Most notable is his chapter on the thirteenth-century painter, where he shows the high status of the master painters who worked for the King and for the great monasteries,

as evidenced by individual allusions, by the fees they drew in comparison to their subordinates, and by the robes and articles of dress issued to them. The case for the importance of the medieval master craftsman is in fact even stronger than that here made out; for parallel evidence from other crafts affords proof of points on which Professor Tristram is hesitant. For example (p. 430) he concludes that in spite of the master's consequence, he could not, in the clearly defined social framework of the Middle Ages, "be considered to rank with esquires." But, at least in the case of master masons and master carpenters, this is precisely the rank that was assigned to them, in Court ceremonial (as when Henry Yevele and William Wynford attended Queen Philippa's funeral in 1369 as esquires of minor degree), and in the precedence of monastic households.

Again, while the ordinary craftsman did receive his pay by the week, the fact that the master's fees were calculated by the day did not by any means put him on the same footing of employment. William Ramsey, for example, Edward III's Master Mason from 1336 to 1349, was paid for thirteen years' service in only eighteen instalments or imprests, and incidentally received in his lifetime only £136 10s. out of the total of £254 13s. 8d. due to him. Professor Tristram also doubts whether "King's Painters" and the like were given such titles in the sense of more modern terms such as "Master of the King's Musick," but complete oversight of the works of masonry and carpentry was clearly contemplated by Henry III when in 1257 he appointed Master John de Gloucestre and Master Alexander, the king's carpenter, to be chief masters of all works on this side Trent and Humber, in their respective crafts. On the question of portraiture and representation, too (pp. 212, 389), it is possible to go a little further than the statement that "the rendering of a 'likeness' was not a preoccupation . . .; nor was it consistent with the feeling of the period in regard to representation in general." This is to overlook Honnecourt's insistence on the fact of drawing "from the life," and the explicit references in the *Itinerarium Ricardi Regis* and the *Metrical Life of St. Hugh* to a painter working very hard to imitate nature (*qualem nec pictor plurimum laborans linealiter imitaretur ad unguem; si picturam similem simulare labore ars conata diu, naturam vix imitetur*), both sources belonging to the first quarter of the thirteenth century.

The problem of the clerical and monastic artist, and the extent of clerical supervision over lay craftsmen, are elucidated in the fullest detail. It is improbable that the carefully balanced picture given can be upset by future research, for it is broadly based on a large body of evidence. Several of the most distinguished painters were monks, and there is abundant proof of careful clerical instruction in the faithfully portrayed iconographic schemes; but as the century wore on, and Gothic completely drove out the remains of the Romanesque spirit, it was ever the lay craftsman who pushed steadily to the front. And here again, as Professor Tristram points out, the evidence from other arts goes further than that for painting: monks and clergy can very rarely be proved to have had responsibility for architecture and sculpture. The importance of secular influences, of the romances, and of survivals of pagan iconography such as the painted figure of Dame Venus mentioned in the late twelfth-century *Lais* of Marie de France is duly stressed, lest the preponderance of ecclesiastical survivals should lead to misunderstanding. And it may be remarked that completely pagan detail, absent from the extant wall-paintings, is rife both in the sculpture of the lay carvers and the illuminations of the monastic schools.

Perhaps the most striking feature of a very important book is its vindication of England as a home of the greatest art, and as an influence hardly second to France in the development of painting. In the direction of realism, the English influence was greater than that of any other country in that formative period, and was decisive. More than twenty years ago, with the late Professor Borenius, the author placed English Medieval Painting upon a proper basis of understanding; the present work not merely fills in the detail, but gives abundant proofs of the supreme importance of English Gothic Art.

THE CITY OF THE CATS

A MODERN FABLE

By

JACQUETTA HAWKES

THE city of the Cats was beautiful. Even the Dogs were aware of its fantastic beauty. It stood near the head of a valley at the point where a grey cataract of rocks was giving way to a level bottom striped with meadows. In these fertile meadows grazed the herds of creamy white cattle which provided the citizens with all the food they needed. A little higher up the valley, mountain streams rushing down between the rocks, sometimes in a tense, plaited silence of dark water, sometimes breaking into noisy white falls, united in a single river, to flow swift but untroubled through the city and the fields below it.

The Cats' houses can best be likened to pagodas, for they were lighter and more intricate than any Gothic spire. It was the custom for each new generation when it inherited the family dwelling to carve and paint another tier to be added to the summit of the spire—a practice which had resulted in a curious diversity. Yet the diversity was always harmonious; the slender houses rose from their slopes with the grace and perfect grouping of chestnut blossom on a spreading branch. In their gardens, all of which were private, the Cats grew rare varieties of everlasting-flower, aloes, and the cactuses whose brilliant petals break so unexpectedly from the harsh body of the plant.

The city was enclosed by walls which showed pleasing irregularities of height and direction as they followed the contours of the ground. Because it had become unusual for any Cat to go beyond the walls, many of the gates had fallen into disuse, some being converted into fountains, others into niches for the reception of statues. Only a small wicket on the upper side of the town and a large gatehouse on the lower remained open.

The rampart walks, too, once vigilantly patrolled by the city guard, had lapsed wholly into peacefulness. They now offered a delightful promenade where the younger citizens could take the air after dark.

During certain periods of the day, and most universally during the hour before sunset, the Cats would retire into their houses, seat themselves with their tails curled tightly round their paws, and then, by feline concentration, whip themselves into more and more exalted realms of meditation. They sat absolutely motionless, even the tips of their tails poised and still. Only the black pupils of their eyes dilated and contracted again within the tawny circle of the iris.

For many generations now, the purr of these Cats had ceased to make any sound audible to the normal ear, but, as they sat in contemplation, their bodies vibrated with an unseen intensity which caused tremors to run through the delicate fabric of the houses and sound the swarms of little bells hanging on hair-fine threads in every tier of the pagodas. So it was that during the contemplative hours a harmony of exquisite felicity hung like a cloud about the city. Joining with the natural music of the waterfalls it would float up the valley.

It was down the valley that the Dogs had their residential suburb: many rows of comfortable kennels, all with identical gabled roofs and all painted either bottle-green or plum. The life work of the Dogs was to tend the Cats. They looked after their cattle, scavenged their streets and kept their houses clean and in order. The better bred of the young bitches were employed as personal maids to groom the Cats' silken coats and to wash and anoint their idle-tender paws. All these tasks had been done by the Dogs from time beyond memory; they did them submissively enough while in the sight of their masters, but round the kennels there was often the growling and whining of discontent.

Among the Cats, the proportion of kittens was becoming smaller and smaller. Litters of more than two were never born (or if they were, such grossness would have provoked social ostracism and the totals were always discreetly adjusted). New-born kittens were given small bitches as wet-nurses, and were afterwards segregated in boarding-schools. These schools were staffed by Cats whose faulty powers of vibration barred them from society; either they suffered the embarrassment of an

audible purr, or their vibrations were too weak, too little concentrated, to produce a true bell harmony. The teachers were so much aware of these shortcomings, however, that no other Cats could have imposed a more exact discipline in training the kittens to develop the powers and accomplishments which they themselves lacked.

Besides these schools the only other public establishment occupied a large house on the outskirts of the city. All the citizens knew of its existence, but they were far too well-bred to make it a subject for conversation; when, occasionally, it had to be mentioned it was spoken of simply as the Establishment. Here numbers of mice were kept and young Cats of both sexes. It was an exceedingly well-conducted institution and outwardly decorous.

Although the Cats always ignored the fact, neither they nor their Dog servants could fail to notice how surely the population of the city was declining; dozens of houses stood empty and their spires silent. As a result some of the Dogs were out of work and hung about thinking savagely of the big litters squirming in the corners of the kennels at home. To a sensitive visitor it would have been clear that some long-maintained balance, some delicate adjustment of stresses, was about to be upset.

The hour found its inevitable instrument. A clever mongrel who had forfeited his job as confidential servant to the Chief Conductor of the city, worked skilfully upon the general discontent. He exhorted his fellows to take courage and end their servitude to useless, vicious and exacting masters. One evening when the bell music was at its height and the valley full of the ravishing sound, a fearful clamour broke out in the Dogs' suburb, a hideous medley of barks of every pitch. Behind their leader, the Dogs crowded up the valley to attack the city. Perfect order had existed for so long that the Cats had neglected to appoint a single watchman or sentinel. The gates were opened by a master from the Tom-kittens' school, embittered into treachery by a conviction that his purr had been falsely pronounced to be audible.

It was a matter of quick butchery. The Cats, high in their ecstatic contemplation, could not descend to notice a physical danger, and it is doubtful had they done so whether they would have seen fit either to fly or to resist. As it was, the bells of every

inhabited pagoda sounded until the very last moment. When the slaughter was over (and in the confusion even the treacherous schoolmaster was not spared) the larger Dogs set to work to destroy all the houses, whose fine appointments they could not enjoy. Soon the river was full of carved spars and painted panels jostling down towards the sea. The thousands of bells, breaking from their hair suspension, sank down and gathered for a moment in lovely shoals along the river bottom. They drifted there as transparent as noon-day moons, grew yet fainter until they resembled the hardly lit burden of a new moon, then disappeared. Silenced already by the water, now they were forever choked in mud.

The next few days the Dogs spent in dragging up their kennels to the site of the destroyed city—the mongrel taking good care that his went to the place where formerly the Chief Conductor's pagoda had stood. When the work was finished and the Dogs' suburb looked almost exactly the same in its new position as it had done before the move, a tremendous feast was held. Scores of the Cats' milch cows were eaten flesh and bone together, washed down with fermented milk found in the cellars of the Establishment. Afterwards there was a mighty outburst of baying to the moon.

Once the feast was over, the Dogs could find no further source of jubilation. The food was much as before, the kennels were not greatly improved by the tasteless application of Cat paints, and the Dogs could find no change in themselves that was not for the worse. They were suffering from a terrible formlessness and lack of purpose in their new, free lives. A number of the bitches, those who had been lady's-maids or wet-nurses, were frankly heart-broken by the loss of their mistresses or charges, and their emotion soon affected their mates. There was faction and unrest to fill the vacancy of the days; several murders culminated in the disappearance of the mongrel in circumstances which could not be explained until his body was found in the river.

After this a few of the more responsible Dogs formed a Council to debate what should be done. Their meetings were unprofitable because not only were the Councillors quite incapable of understanding what was wrong, but no one of them individually would admit anything was wrong at all. After several Councils

had broken up in snappish irritability, a suitable solution was agreed: it consisted of shifting responsibility to a higher authority.

The Dogs knew their former masters had revered a mysterious person who lived in a cave beside the small, black mountain lake at the very top of the valley. Ceremonial visits had been regularly paid him by the Cats, for it was he who made the bells on which their music depended. Gathering rock crystal on the mountains he carved it into domes as thin as bubbles, and inside fixed clappers of ground and polished crystals. The clappers hung like bright, petrified tears; the Cats had always believed that the threads which tied them were the Bell-Maker's own hairs. This Bell-Maker possessed a most extraordinary sense of pitch, and there is no doubt that his profession had empowered him to create and control the marvellous harmony of all the city bells in unison.

No Dog had ever before approached his cave, but now a small deputation mounted through the wicket gate and wound up between the rocks. Following a narrow track worn by the Cats, its members were conscious of clumsiness and of the gross size and hairiness of their paws. At last they were led to the cave by a beam of darkness cutting through the sunshine, yet inside they could not detect the source from which it shone; indeed, they could see nothing at all. They called to the Bell-Maker, begging him to show himself and command them what they should do.

No one came, but words seemed to shape themselves in the beam.

"I never appeared in person even to the Cats. I will tell you, as I told them, to imagine me as fulfilling your own ideal conception of yourselves. This saves trouble, for whatever I may say or do, you are certain to make that mistake. What do you want of me?"

"Sire," they replied, "we killed the Cats because they were vile parasites upon us Dogs. We thought everything would be much better without them, but it hasn't turned out quite as we expected, and now our lives are both dull and unsafe. We beg you not to blame us for the death of the Cats; we exterminated them because we believed it to be our duty to rid the world of such worthless creatures."

"Much as I miss the harmony which rose up from the city and brought me the food of rapture, I do not blame you any more

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than I blame them; the situation was too much for you. I condemn you only for the self-delusion which makes you attempt to disguise your very natural greed and jealousy with talk of duty and high moral purposes. If you will repent this, and also the arrogance you showed in assuming that any change you made in the old order must be for the better, I will do what I can to help you to serve me and yourselves."

The Dogs all drooped their tails as a mark of their grateful humility, and the Bell-Maker went on,

"First you must impose a severe discipline upon yourselves. Give your life shape by setting limits upon it. You should not eat so much or such coarse food, you should neither bark so loudly and senselessly when you are pleased, nor snarl and quarrel at other times. Without weakening them, you must constantly deny and prune your lusts. In such details as your personal habits, you should take scrupulous care of your coats until perhaps you may make them finer and more silky; it would be no bad thing to introduce some artificial fashions such as shaping your ears or docking your tails. You should always be ready to listen to the advice of the bitches and to try to please them, for they will instinctively understand these matters better than you can.

"When you have persevered in such disciplines you may find you are less clumsy and more able to make things of some beauty. You might start by improving the architecture and decoration of your kennels; then, because you are by nature more gregarious than the Cats, you would probably get great satisfaction from noble public buildings. Finally, you must labour to rise to purposes altogether higher. I doubt whether you will ever achieve anything comparable to the harmonies of the Cats, but between us we must try to intensify and shape your instinct for baying at the moon. And don't forget that if you are to do these things really well you will have to find willing servants. Now leave me, and perhaps in a century your descendants may accomplish something."

The rest of the Dogs shambled down the hill much bewildered by what they had been told, but the most intelligent of them stayed behind to say:

"But Sire, High Bell-Maker, if we do as you have commanded, shall we not grow very much like the Cats whom we have destroyed?"

"No," the words slid quietly down the beam, "not like the Cats; that is your absolute justification. If you are both diligent and fortunate you may perhaps learn to express the essence of your kind. Go and see what you can do, but remember, it is likely enough you will fail altogether. The Cats, after all, were a most remarkable people."

DR. COULTON'S LAST WORD

By

AUBREY GWYNN

IN one of the chapters of his autobiography, published in 1943, Coulton makes a disarming confession: "Eileen Power expressed herself once in a review to the following effect—that the public seeking my honey is somewhat disturbed by the bee which buzzes in my bonnet. I knew then, and still know, that in this there must be a fundamental truth, and a warning not to be neglected." The bee still buzzes loudly through the pages of this last volume,¹ which comes to us three years after the author's death—and he was near his ninetieth year when he died. It is thus an old man's book, and inevitably has many of the defects of all such work. But, though Coulton was almost ninety when he revised the page-proofs of this volume twice over during the winter of 1946-7, his writing in this posthumous work is astonishingly alive and vigorous. Some of the chapters are as good as anything that Coulton ever wrote. His account, for example,

¹ *Five Centuries of Religion*, by G. G. Coulton. Vol. IV: "The Last Days of Medieval Monasticism" (Cambridge University Press 45s).

of the reforming visitations conducted by a German Austin Canon named Johann Busch, which were continued for some forty years of the mid-fifteenth century; or its companion-piece, the narrative of very similar work carried through for eight short years by the Italian Camaldolese monk and humanist, Ambrogio Traversari. Coulton is here making use of materials which he had been collecting for almost half a century, and which he had copied (or got others to copy) into those 250 odd volumes of notebooks which are now, since Coulton's death, the property of the University of Chicago. From another chapter in his autobiography we know that these notebooks were "indexed in one general ledger under very numerous rubrics, and in two exclusively monastic ledgers in greater detail." Johann Busch was one of Coulton's earliest heroes. The portrait which is given so lovingly in this book must have been planned, perhaps written in full many years before the author's death.

Work that is based on notebooks and ledgers of this kind must always lack some of the freshness and authenticity of work based on a careful study of contemporary manuscript materials. Coulton was never a student of manuscripts. His erudition was wholly, or almost wholly derived from printed sources. Any reader who cares to work his way through the somewhat scanty notes printed at the end of this volume (and it is only fair to remember that the book was prepared for the press under war-time conditions) will see for himself the main sources of the narrative on which this indictment of medieval monasticism in the fifteenth century is based. Each chapter depends on the chance of partial or full publication by some earlier scholar. There is thus a haphazard quality about the book as a whole. The story of Busch's work in Germany comes from the Chronicle of Windesheim and Busch's own *Liber de Reformatione*, edited by Grube in 1886. Abbot Trithem's various works; the letters and speeches of Ambrogio Traversari; some valuable essays on the reform of various Benedictine houses, published by Dom U. Berlière (to whom Coulton owed much in his later years) and Dom Paul Denis; a Dutch scholar's history of the reform that was attempted at Egmont in the Netherlands; H. Naef's recent book on the first phase of the Protestant reform in Geneva: these and a few other studies of the same kind are the sources from which Coulton gets the evidence for what is given in this book.

The records he uses are sound enough, so far as they go—but they are woefully incomplete. A picture of Italian monasticism in the fifteenth century which puts one notable Camaldolese reformer in the centre of the scene, and tells us little or nothing of the work done by St. Bernardine of Siena and other Observantine Friars Minor or about the Dominican community of San Marco who made their house a centre of piety and zeal in the Florence of Cosimo and Lorenzo de' Medici, is surely far from the truth. And the single chapter which bears the title "From a Carthusian Cell" shows us Coulton at his weakest. Like the London Charterhouse, the Carthusian communities of Italy and Germany and Central Europe were centres that must be reckoned with in any fair assessment of religious life at this period. Instead of seeking, as Archbishop Mathew once sought, to penetrate the silence and austere seclusion of the Carthusian world to the intimate apostolate of prayer and penance and personal direction, Coulton here offers us nothing but a few incongruous extracts from the *Fasciculus Temporum* of Werner Rolewinck, a Westphalian monk of the Cologne Charterhouse who wrote his moralizing chronicle at the end of the fifteenth century. Rolewinck died in 1502, aged seventy-seven. There is no hint in these extracts of that deep mystical fervour which drew the two Jesuit apostles, Peter Faber and Peter Canisius, to this same Charterhouse as to a centre of ardent Catholic piety in the next generation.

Another criticism which may fairly be made of all Coulton's work on medieval monasticism is his failure to relate the story of monastic decline to the social and economic circumstances of the day. This may seem an odd criticism to make of one who claimed that he viewed history primarily as a study of human social life; but any reader of the two fine volumes which Dom David Knowles has given us in the past ten years will know how much more sensitive to the influence of economic facts is this careful critical narrative, in which the author draws everywhere on his intimate knowledge of monastic life. Incidentally it is characteristic of a less generous trait in Coulton's character that he nowhere makes any mention—not even in his short, retrospective Introduction to this volume, of *The Monastic Order in England*: a work which was published seven years before Coulton's death, and which is in so many ways a complete answer to his

oft-repeated challenge and suggestion that Catholic scholars dare not face the facts.

I have perhaps allowed that bee to disturb me for too long: let us get back to the honey. For honey there is in these pages, if one is looking for genuinely live and human stories of medieval life. That was always Coulton's special gift: the quick eye for human interest, often discovered in some page or book that the ordinary reader would have left unopened. Typical of much else in this volume are the two chapters entitled "Recalcitrant Sisters": German nuns who put up a stout and prolonged resistance to all Busch's efforts to reform their convents. In his Introduction Coulton makes a last reply to some of his reviewers, and it is plain that he was surprised and distressed to find some of them unable to recognize what to him was his own obvious impartiality. In an earlier volume he had written that "the best men of those days were as good as the best of any day; and, to the very end, a considerable proportion of those best men were in the monasteries." That judgment is repeated more than once in this volume—but the chapters that will be remembered most vividly by all his readers will be those in which the author cannot resist the joy of telling a good story at the expense of men and women whose vocation should have taught them to know and do better. Like so many Protestant Englishmen, Coulton could not help approaching his subject from an external, roast-beef-and-beer angle. That is, however, far too gentle a phrase for the discussion of monastic incontinence, sodomy and solitary vice to which he comes in the final section of this book, when he discusses the famous *Comperta* of Henry VIII's visitors.

There is no need to say that Coulton's ancient and remorseless feud with Cardinal Gasquet is well to the fore in these final chapters. Two chapters on "The St. Alban's Case" give his last word on the guilt or innocence of Abbot Wallingford, whom Gasquet rashly tried to defend from the charges brought against his misrule by Cardinal Morton in the reign of Henry VII. The evidence of the *Comperta* is discussed in full, but with little that can be called new evidence on which to revise earlier judgments. One of Gasquet's many inaccuracies is corrected in an appendix which Mr. Warren Sandell has contributed to this volume. The Cardinal had stated—and his statement has been repeated, with the addition of a further minor inaccuracy, by Constant—that

the Visitors scamped their work so shamelessly as to report on some eighty-eight monasteries in a fortnight. Mr. Warren Sandell has made a detailed examination of the itinerary covered by each of the two Visitors in the period of which Gasquet is speaking, and shows—correctly, so far as I can judge—that the two Visitors, working simultaneously over a wide area round York, visited eighty-two houses in forty-seven days. That is a less damaging figure than would appear from the Cardinal's loose statement of the facts. But does this correction make much difference when we remember that these Visitors—unlike their medieval episcopal predecessors, who worked often at high speed—made reports which claim to give accurate information, not only on the more obvious external aspects of monastic discipline, but on matters that touch the most intimate details of sexual life? I find it hard to believe that any impartial reader of Coulton's analysis of all this evidence will fail to be conscious of a deep-seated and uncontrolled prejudice, which makes this champion of Protestant history far too ready to accept even the grossest charges on such questionable authority. We are even asked to believe (p. 680) that the Lords who cried out "Down with them!" in Parliament at the first reading of Cromwell's report after the Visitation must be taken as voicing the layman's conscience in the face of abuses that had become notorious—as though the Lords, any more than the King's Visitors, were wholly free from the bias of self-interest!

Coulton's main argument in support of the *Comperta* is that, in their general drift, they correspond with an overwhelming mass of authentic contemporary evidence which comes to us from so many countries and cities in the fifteenth century. There is much truth in this line of argument: Langland and Boccaccio, Erasmus and Rabelais were not tilting at windmills. But the remedy which Cromwell persuaded Henry to apply is very different from the remedy which Catholic reformers sought to apply abroad. Here again Coulton does useful work in reminding us of the dead weight of stubborn opposition and official indolence which made many reformers, unless they were men of heroic sanctity, despair of final success. His chapter on "Post-Reformation France" makes full and fair use of the materials which are to be found in *Le Cardinal de Richelieu et la réforme des monastères bénédictins*, which Dom Paul Denis published in 1913. We have

only to recall the story of "The Thundering Abbot" at La Trappe to remind ourselves of the work that still needed to be done in the mid-seventeenth century.

But there is a companion-piece to this chapter, to which Coulton gives the title of "Post-Reformation Italy" and which shows us the Protestant controversialist at his worst. Scipio de' Ricci has made a name for himself in the history of Jansenism by his anti-papal activities at Pistoia in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Passing over in silence the whole immense work of monastic and religious reform which gives life to the story of post-Tridentine Italy, Coulton fixes on the charges which this Jansenist and Josephite bishop brought against the Dominican friars of Pistoia in 1780. The charges are so gross and so sweeping that it is difficult not to suspect the influence of hysteria, if not of deliberate and shameless falsehood in the depositions which the bishop quotes from a whole group of Dominican Sisters. Coulton warns his readers in a note which is printed at the end of this volume that Bishop de' Ricci is "strongly anti-papal"; but in the main text he presents these detailed charges as representative of "Post-Reformation" Italian monastic life. The suggestion is so unfair, the charges are so gross that I may be permitted to cite the very different impressions of one who, to use his own words, "had waded through the whole mass of evidence in *De Potter*"—Ricci's admirer and apologist. "To use a phrase which a lawyer would best understand, the evidence is too perfect: all at once a system of guilt is developed which is perfectly incredible: and not the least suspicious circumstance is the readiness with which, the moment the Grand Duke's wish to suppress the convents was known, a host of informers sprang up in every direction." Coulton gives no hint of the true quality of this evidence in his solitary chapter on post-Tridentine Italian monastic life. The slander could not be more gross; and it comes to us, quite literally, as his last word on the practice, as distinct from the ideals of Catholic monasticism. It is not pleasant to write these words about a scholar who is now dead, and who is no longer with us to defend himself. But the offence to truth and charity is none the less real. The bee which has buzzed loudly through so many chapters and pages turns here into a wasp—and a wasp with a particularly nasty sting.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

NOTHING is more illustrative of the lack of a norm in critical values than the difference of attention focussed upon two figures of equal importance in twentieth-century Scandinavian music, namely, Sibelius and Carl Nielsen. Whereas the music of the former is widely disseminated and appreciated, and is subjected to the scholarly analysis given to classical works, that of the latter is, outside his native country of Denmark, practically unknown. Yet I would venture to say that Nielsen's is in many ways the more original mind, and one that is not, moreover, bogged down in epics and sagas; on the contrary, his music is winged with the mercurial inventiveness of the Latin. It is the purpose of these notes to call attention to a genius whose stature can be gauged from those records of his work that have already been issued in this country by H.M.V. and Decca. Nielsen's life, which ended in his sixties, in 1931, spanned both the romanticism of the epoch of Brahms and Wagner and the experimental decades of the twentieth century, and although his style always retains the gravity of that of Brahms it does so through an ever-expanding and often revolutionary technique and vocabulary. The three symphonies issued here (No. 2, Op. 16—sub-titled "The Four Temperaments"—H.M.V. Z7000-3; No. 3, "Espansiva," Decca AK2161-5, and No. 5, Op. 50, H.M.V. Z7022-6) show how a mind open to contemporary influences can at the same time retain its essential characteristics. Twenty years, from 1902 to 1922, separate the second from the fifth symphonies, and the growth from a Brahmsian aesthetic to one that is absolutely original in every aspect of its conception is fascinating to watch. No. 3, which most beautifully introduces two (male and female) wordless solo voices in the slow movement already shows a search after varied planes of sound, but it is in No. 5 that the almost stereoscopic tonal picture is seen at its most mature completion. This work is one of the most exciting musical finds of my life, and I envy those who have yet to meet it. Equally original, but on a slighter scale, are the Clarinet Concerto, Op. 57 (Columbia LDX7000-2) and the Viola and Piano Sonata in G minor, Op. 35 (H.M.V. DB5219-20). H.M.V. also issue several songs, which although direct and almost popular, are always distinguished. (It is interesting, by the way, to note that Knud Jepsen's splendid book on Palestrinian Counterpoint, just issued by Williams & Norgate, price 15s, bears the dedication "In grateful memory of my distinguished teacher and friend Carl Nielsen.")

Orchestral virtuosity, put to profound structural purpose in the above-mentioned works, is, in Ravel's "Scheherezade" (Columbia Symphony Orchestra under Bernstein, with Jenny Tourel: Columbia

LX8738-9) put to fascinating sensuous uses. But Ravel's impeccable taste and clear vision save the music from the degeneration that so often accompanies sensuous delights. The performance is superb. As is also the performance of another work of the same essential type, Debussy's 'cello sonata, performed by Tortellier and Gerald Moore (H.M.V. DB9509-10). Because Debussy's last works consisted of a series of Sonatas, it is often believed that dryness had gradually invested music that previously had been compounded of poetical overtones. That this belief is false is proved by the magical nostalgia of this sonata. Friedrich Gulda plays the same composer's "L'Isle Joyeuse" on Decca M639. The cumulative nature of this piece is insufficiently realized, although the playing is poetical enough: it "gushes" instead of moving in coherent sentences. Magical sounds are again evident in a new recording of Stravinsky's "Petroushka" by L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande under Ansermet (Decca AY328-32). This work has a warm and touching humanity that seems absent from the later more abstract music of this composer. The playing is vital and full of understanding. I wish this were true of Suggia's performance of Lalo's little-known 'cello concerto (London Symphony Orchestra under Pedro de Freitas Branco, Decca AY349-52). This is really one of the worst bits of 'cello playing I have heard: both tone and intonation shocking. Nor is Heifetz's playing of Elgar's violin concerto all it should be (London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent: H.M.V. DB21056-60). Such mawkish "portamenti" distort instead of underlining the expressiveness of Elgar's melodic style. The performance would have been better if entrusted to Nathan Milstein, who brings to Glazunov's charming concerto in A minor (H.M.V. DB21085-7) a violinistic eloquence shorn of all impurities of style.

The Maharaja of Mysore's Musical Foundation is responsible for the issuing of Balakirev's little-known Symphony in C Major (Philharmonia Orchestra under von Karajan: Columbia LX1323-8). It is a work well worth having. If its achievement does not live up to its promise, one always feels that it is on the point of saying something really vital. That it doesn't do so is perhaps the lack of equation between thought and language. Another "Northern" work is Sibelius' grey, exciting, but overlong "En Saga" (Philharmonia Orchestra under Kletzki: Columbia LX1307-9). "Valse Triste" completes the fourth side.

Those interested in piano playing are well served in new issues. Schnabel's playing of Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue" (H.M.V. DB9511-2) is beautifully restrained; but the fugue moves too quickly, and a certain skittishness enters the rhythm. (I hope this is not because of a desire to get it all on one side!) Lili Kraus admirably but somewhat coolly plays Schubert's A minor Sonata, Op. 42, on Parlophone

Odcon R20585-8, while Shura Cherkassky's playing of Chopin's E minor posthumous Nocturne, Mazurka No. 23 and the Fourth Etude (H.M.V. DB21137) is supremely right in feeling and tone values. Aaron Copland's "Four Piano Blues" (played by himself on Decca K2372) are ordered improvizations but sadly lack direction and purpose. Kathleen Long understands perfectly the restrained manners of Fauré's romanticism in his Op. 119 B minor Nocturne (Decca M659), and Phyllis Sellick and Cyril Smith bring to Rachmaninoff's Two-piano Suite (Columbia DX1675-7) a pianistic polish and bravura that the music needs in order to survive.

New choral issues include a remarkable "Agnus Dei" from Fayrfax's "Albanus Mass" and Tallis' "O Nata Lux" beautifully sung by the St. Paul's Cathedral Choir under Dr. Dykes Bower (in the "Anthology of English Church Music," Columbia LX1283) and Mozart's D minor Requiem, under de Sabata and with an Italian cast of singers (H.M.V. DB9541-8). If the latter is a fine and moving example of Mozart's art it is less fine and moving as a work of religious experience.

EDMUND RUBBRA

REVIEWS

A TRIBUTE TO PAUL PEETERS

Mélanges Paul Peeters (Analecta Bollandiana lxxvii, lxxviii; Brussels, Société des Bollandistes, two volumes 450 fr).

SINCE these fine volumes were published, in honour of Fr. Paul Peeters and as a tribute of esteem to him on his eightieth birthday, the distinguished orientalist has died (August 18, 1950). It is good to think that he lived to see this proof of the world-wide esteem in which he was held and of the affection of his colleagues in the Society of Bollandists. Fr. Peeters did not exercise the deep and penetrating influence of his great predecessor in the direction of the Society, Fr. Hippolyte Delehaye;—indeed, who else could? His learning was more remote from general historical interests, his personality was less familiar, his essays on the work of the Bollandists and contemporary figures among them could not have the appeal of the classics in which Delehaye described their history and ideals, and expounded the critical principles and conclusions of their hagiographical labours; but he maintained with a faithful distinction the highest standards of the Society. For, since the times of Bollandus and Papebroche, in spite of periods of decadence and disaster, the Society has justified its claim to establish the traditions of sound and wide learning within the discipline of the Jesuit order.

I imagine that even a good orientalist would find it hard to review, with intimate critical appreciation, the numerous essays in the two volumes which deal with Byzantine, Coptic, Georgian and other problems affecting the lives of saints and the history of the Middle East, in early Christian and medieval times. Certainly I should feel some embarrassment if I were to attempt a critical survey only of the papers on ecclesiastical history in the West, to say nothing of the East. It is worth while, however, to emphasize the fact that the book bears witness to, as it enlarges, the contribution which the Bollandists have made in the present century to the fellowship of scholars. The work which they have done in their library and rooms in Brussels has been more than exemplary; it has attracted co-operation from scholars whom it has helped to inspire. Hence the tribute to Fr. Peeters is a sort of mirror in which we may see reflected examples of hagiographical and cognate studies throughout the learned world. From this point of view the book is a compliment to the Society no less than to the achievement of Fr. Peeters. I propose first to choose some of the papers for brief comment simply to illustrate this range of interest, not necessarily for any outstanding quality, and secondly to point out how the most highly specialized and apparently remote work can be used

to teach a lesson in critical method or warn us that in making our generalizations we cannot afford, without danger, to neglect the more obscure corners of learning.

Since Callewaert wrote some well-known essays between 1901 and 1912, a legislative sanction for the persecution of the Christians during the first two centuries of our era has been generally regarded as proved. In 1942 Fr. Dieu contested this and argued that the persecutions were an expression of arbitrary power. Jacques Zeiller, who has already defended the accepted view, explains, in the light of the account given by Eusebius of the martyrs of Lyon in the year 177, how and why arbitrary and even illegal persecution could happen under a system which made an avowed and unretracted adhesion to Christ punishable by death. Violations of the injunction "conquirendi non sunt" of Trajan do not justify a denial of the existence of the law that self-avowed Christians were punishable by death (I, 49-54). Fr. Lebreton sees the source of Origen's mysticism in a devotion which made light of torture and death, not in a privileged experience derived from speculations akin to those of Plotinus (I, 55-62). I am not competent to discuss the able and interesting paper of Marcel Richard on St. Basil and the mission of the deacon Sabinus (I, 178-202), in which the author fits together the evidence for the interrelations of Rome, Alexandria, Caesarea and Antioch between the council of Rome in 371 and the council of Antioch in 378. The subject bristles with textual problems about which modern scholars differ from each other. The discussion begins and ends with the Latin (and, in the author's view, authentic) text of the synodal letter of Pope Damasus to the bishops in the East contained in a *codex* of Verona, and subscribed "Ego Sabinus diaconus mediolanensis legatus de authentico dedi." This text, it is argued, is derived not from an original, but from a copy made by Sabinus, who carried the originals to the East, when he was sent by St. Athanasius from Alexandria to Caesarea. It was later inserted in the "tome" of the council of Antioch and, through this, reached Rome. Marcel Richard's paper is followed by a learned study by Professor Francois-L. Ganshof of the relations between St. Martin of Tours and the Count Avitianus (I, 203-33). This subject also has engaged the attention of distinguished historians. Ganshof agrees with Babut that Avitianus was governor of Gallia Secunda, or, if a new province had already been created, of Gallia Tertia, and was not an imperial commissioner extraordinary. His relations with the saint, as described by Sulpicius Severus in his Dialogues, are full of significance for the historian of imperial institutions at the end of the fourth century, and of ecclesiastical and civil society, and also for the hagiographer. We see how bishops could and did withstand those who abused their civil authority.

Apart from a brief note on the military organization of the Emperor Maurice by Martin J. Higgins (I, 444-6), the first volume does not contain much on Byzantine history. There is much more in the second volume. Professor Dvornik has contributed an important paper on the reorganization of the patriarchal academy at Constantinople by Photius, about 861 (II, 108-25). He explains the distinction between the university and the academy, shows the need for reform, and presents Photius as a man worthy of the friendship of his former pupil, St. Constantine-Cyril, the apostle of the Slavs. Fr. Leib writes on the political role after the death of his brother, the Emperor Constantine X (1067) of the Caesar and monk, John Doukas (II, 163-79). Steven Runciman discusses the story of the discovery of a Holy Lance at Antioch during the first Crusade and brings together in a pleasing paper what is known about the various other claimants to be the genuine Holy Lance at Constantinople (now at Rome), Paris, Nuremberg (II, 196-209). Vitalien Laurent's paper on Cyril II, Patriarch of Antioch from 1287 to c. 1308 (II, 310-7) contains a hitherto unpublished text and helps us to understand the ecclesiastical and civil difficulties of a patriarch who had to live outside his city. Lastly, Paul Lemerle, in continuation of a study of judicial institutions—the first part appeared recently in the *Mélanges Henri Gregoire*—writes upon the tribunal of the patriarch in the period of the Palaeologi. He confines himself to the cases of discipline which affected the laity (1315-1402), and his article is a valuable corrective to loose thinking about the ecclesiastical authority of the Byzantine emperors, for here we have a court, observing a formal procedure like a lay tribunal, giving equitable protection to the feeble and distressed, and depending entirely on moral and spiritual sanctions, which it is able to maintain if necessary against imperial intervention. The article is based almost entirely upon the neglected *Acta* published from two Vienna manuscripts in 1860 by F. Miklosich and J. Müller.

Three papers on Western subjects should be noted in the second volume. Fr. Aubrey Gwynn, whose studies in the ecclesiastical history of Ireland in the eleventh, twelfth and early thirteenth centuries are giving reality and exactitude to a story which badly needed revision, writes on St. Lawrence O'Toole and his brief legation in Ireland (II, 223-40). As usual he clarifies many details of Irish ecclesiastical and political life suggested by his subject. In a paper on the problem of St. Roch, a saint of whom so little is known, in contrast with the rapid diffusion of his cult in the fifteenth century, that his existence has even been denied, Augustin Fliche concludes that he lived from about 1350 to about 1379. He came from Montpellier, had some fame as a healer in Italy and at the age of twenty-five or thirty was imprisoned as a spy (II, 343-61). This is a suggestive piece of revision.

The short article which follows (II, 362-8) is also a very nice piece of reconstruction—and an exciting one—by Fr. Antonio Ferrua. It relates to a sanctuary at Crissolo, in the upper valley of the Po, where from the early fourteenth century a certain St. Chiaffredo was venerated. A funeral stone, found in the neighbourhood, was identified as the saint's, though a brief of Pope Clement VII (1387) explicitly refers to the body of the saint in the church. The legend of the saint says that he was one of the Theban legion. In an ancient cemetery in the neighbourhood of the sanctuary several Roman funeral monuments have been found, and in north Italy since the ninth century revelations have been given of the tombs of Theban legionaries. In the spirit of Fr. Delehaye, Fr. Ferrua invites his readers to draw the obvious conclusion; I should add that his paper is a capital illustration of the valuable results which can be drawn from monographs by industrious local scholars since the sixteenth century.

Two other articles, of a more general nature, have given me much pleasure. One is a delightful essay by Alexandre Masseron on some hagiographical enigmas in Dante's *Divine Comedy* (II, 369-82); the other is Leon-E. Halkin's analysis of the qualities common to Catholic and Protestant hagiography (II, 453-63).

I have referred so far to fourteen papers out of a total of sixty-six, and not one of them bears directly on the particular studies for which Fr. Peeters was so distinguished. Most of the rest I must leave unnoticed, yet, in conclusion I venture to mention, very cursorily, a few points which attracted my attention. The attempt to trace the name of Jesus in references to pre-Islamic divinities in Arab inscriptions must be regarded with scepticism (G. Ryckmann, I, 63-73). A study of the *Passio* of St. Peter of Alexandria throws more light on the contents of Cyril of Alexandria's Jubilee Book, composed in the year 368 to celebrate the forty-years' jubilee of Athanasius as bishop (W. Telfer, I, 117-30). The discovery of interpolations in a vital letter of Arius "demonstrates the necessity for a new critical examination of the dossier of Arianism" (P. Nautin, I, 131-41). In the *indigesta moles* of Coptic manuscripts in Paris L-T. Lefort has discovered a new *de virginitate* attributed to St. Athanasius and suggests that scholars should not confine their critical studies to Greco-Latin documents (I, 142-52). In a paper on the supernatural defenders of Constantinople, Professor Norman Baynes concludes: "As the background of Byzantine history the alliance of God and the Virgin is a factor in East Roman thought which the student forgets at his peril" (I, 165-77). The list of the names of pilgrims to Jerusalem is almost endless, but only a few names of pilgrims to Rome in the early centuries of the history of the Church are known, yet the evidence suggests that a vast number of pilgrims went to Rome to the tomb of St. Peter and St. Paul between 350 and

410 (G. Bardy, I, 224-35). Dom Cyril Lambot prefixes to a classification of sermons for the feasts of martyrs a survey of the manuscript tradition and transmission of St. Augustine's sermons (I, 249-66). It is a fascinating business to trace the story of even an insignificant error through the history of scholarship: the great Hardouin created a bishopric, when he emended a word in a text from Carphia to Scarphia. Scarphia was a well-known place near Thermopylae, Carphia an obscure place in Doris; but the bishopric was in Carphia (E. Honigsmann, I, 287-99). With a different technique Jean Dorese brings to light the Coptic monasteries of Armant in the Thebaid (I, 327-49); and F. Dölger, in a paper on John of "Euboea," suggests that this younger contemporary of John of Damascus (c. 750) was bishop of a place now known as Hawarin in Syria or of the bishopric of Euroia in Epirus (II, 5-26). The panegyric on Denis the Areopagite by St. Michael of Constantinople (who died in 846) contains an apostrophe to the city of Paris (see R. Loenertz in his paper on Michael and his panegyrics, II, 94-107). In a paper on the canon of St. Mandilion, sung on his feast day (August 16), Venance Grumel explains why a substitution appears in certain verses some time during the period 1092-1106. His demonstration of the date when the change was made and of the reason for the change is based upon textual criticism, a study of a controversy about the kind of reverence due to images, and the writings of a patriarch exiled for his opposition to the seizure of treasures in the churches by the Emperor Alexius I (II, 135-52). The text of the original canon is edited for the first time. A paper by Fr. Louis Mariès relates Delehaye's argument that the lives of saints began to be read in the office at the end of the ninth century, to "the irruption of saints in illustrations of the Byzantine psalter" (II, 153-62). And so I could go on. These volumes are rich in texts and evidences of the liturgical and archaeological aspects of the veneration of saints. One learned study, on reliquaries and eucharistic monstrances, illustrates fully the connection between the cult of relics and of the sacrament (Michel Andrieu, II, 397-418).

At the close of his contribution on the last will and testament of St. Louis-M. Grignon de Montfort (1716) Cardinal Tisserant writes (II, 474): "Il est normal que l'histoire des saints s'entoure de légendes; mais c'est la gloire des Bollandistes d'avoir toujours cherché à rétablir l'histoire," and, he continues, none have done this better than Fr. Delehaye and "le toujours vaillant P. Peeters."

F. M. POWICKE

LORD RUSSELL'S ESSAYS

Unpopular Essays, by Bertrand Russell (Allen & Unwin 8s 6d).

IN his preface to these essays, which were written at various times during the last fifteen years, Lord Russell speaks of the "serious purpose" which inspires them, even if they may sometimes appear flippant. The serious purpose is that of combating the growth of dogmatism, which characterizes the present century. Instead of a continuation of the happy atmosphere of agnosticism, polite scepticism, rationalism and toleration we have been faced with such manifestations of absurdity, dogmatism and intolerance as Nazism and Soviet Communism. The era of humanist liberalism was short-lived. The persecuting Christians of former times have been replaced by persecuting Communists, and the M.V.D. has taken the place of the Inquisition. If man would but realize that he cannot be certain of anything outside the spheres of pure mathematics and immediate perception, and if he would but act accordingly, discarding dogmatism and intolerance, all might yet be rosy in our human garden, or at least as rosy as can be expected even under the best of conditions. But man has not shown himself to be, in any conspicuous manner, a "rational animal," in spite of Aristotle; and the future is not one which can be looked forward to with any confidence. Reason would suggest the setting-up by agreement of a world-government; but will such agreement be forthcoming? If it is not forthcoming, there will be, sooner, or later, atomic warfare. And what if Russia were to win? Dogmatism and intolerance would flourish unchecked.

One can well share Lord Russell's apprehensions, even if one does not share his agnosticism and scepticism. It is quite true, I think, that creeds and beliefs of one kind or another have been used to justify indulgence in cruelty and oppression: it would be both foolish and wrong to attempt to deny the facts of history. But belief in a definite creed or ideology does not necessarily produce the attempt to force that creed on others, even if it produces what Lord Russell would, I suppose, call "dogmatism." For instance, if, as theology teaches, the act of faith is a free act of co-operation with divine grace, a gift, it follows that any attempt to force a man to embrace the Christian faith is quite unjustifiable. Christians may or may not have always acted in accordance with this truth in past history; but that does not alter the fact that it is a truth. And if a believing Christian attempts to open men's eyes to the truth of the Christian religion, in order to facilitate the making of the act of faith, this is certainly no more objectionable than Lord Russell's attempt to make clear to people the desirability of peaceful world federation, in order that they may act accordingly. Lord Russell may sing the praises of mild scepticism; but it is pretty

clear, I think, that he has his own beliefs and a definite, if limited, set of values. Absence of all definite belief save in pure mathematics and the immediate facts of perception would get us nowhere. Once this is admitted, one can agree with Russell that fanaticism and hatred of those who disagree with us are highly undesirable and harmful qualities. The Communists have not even the excuse of thinking that Marxism is divinely revealed; for Marxism purports to be a philosophy. It is treated, indeed, by its adherents as though it were divinely revealed, including all its inherent absurdities; but it cannot be both. If Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin were not divinely inspired, there is no reason whatsoever why Marxism should be exempt from the radical criticism to which all other philosophies are accustomed to be subjected.

The theme of "toleration" is too complicated to be handled in a short review. But it is perhaps worth pointing out the obvious fact that reason prescribes limits to toleration. Russell would, and does, admit that we could not tolerate serious incitement to political assassination or to racial hatred. But if the general principle is once admitted, that toleration cannot be absolutely unlimited, the question arises what activities are so harmful that they cannot be properly tolerated. On the precise answer to this question the believing Christian and Lord Russell are unlikely to be in complete agreement. They can, however, agree that the presumption should be on the side of liberty and that, when certain harmful activities have to be restricted, there is no excuse for making this an occasion for indulging the instinct of cruelty. Lord Russell may feel convinced that an orthodox Christian would like to restrict freedom of speech in favour of an absurd theology; but, be that as it may, I feel doubtful if all Christians would care to go as far as Lord Russell in advocating a preventive war against Russia, if she does not act in the prescribed way. Russell certainly does not believe in complete toleration; and it is equally certain that his rejection of complete toleration is based on beliefs.

To turn from the "serious purpose" to the "flippancy." Well, if one has sufficient power of mental detachment, one can enjoy many of Lord Russell's jokes, even when they are made at the expense of ideas one holds oneself. It is, however, unfortunate that Lord Russell is rather given to sacrificing accuracy to wit, or even sometimes to prejudice. I have yet to meet "the orthodox" who object to cremation on the ground that it would be difficult for God to collect the particles at a later date; and who are the modern theological opponents of birth control who "pretend to think that God will provide, however many mouths there may be to feed"? Moreover, it is news to me to hear that, according to theology, venereal disease is a divinely appointed punishment for sexual sin. And, if it is not, there is no necessity to inquire why "it was not divinely instituted until the time of Columbus."

Nor is it only the theologians who come in for a bad time. The metaphysicians are presented, as one might expect, as wishful thinkers, who excogitate bad reasons in order to find a more or less plausible rational justification for asserting as true what they want to be true. But is the matter quite as simple as all that? If someone wants to assert a proposition as true, it does not necessarily follow that his reasons for asserting its truth are invalid, even if they have to be scrutinized with care. Lord Russell would say, of course, that unprejudiced inquiry into their particular arguments reveals that the metaphysicians had no valid reasons to adduce for their assertions. But this statement would itself rest on a philosophical foundation, with which not all would agree. Moreover, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. In the obituary notice he composed on himself Russell remarks, with humorous sarcasm, of course, that Professor Whitehead, his collaborator in *Principia Mathematica*, was, as his subsequent writings showed, "possessed of that insight and spiritual depth so notably absent in Russell; for Russell's argumentation, ingenious and clever as it is, ignores those higher considerations that transcend mere logic." But I do not suppose that Lord Russell would maintain that all his convictions are based on "mere logic." Has he not got his own "higher considerations"? And does he assert his convictions with any less determination because they are not based simply on "mere logic"?

In one essay Lord Russell states that "philosophy is a stage of intellectual development, and is not compatible with mental maturity." Elsewhere, however, he says that it would be regrettable if an awareness of those ultimate theoretical problems, which science cannot answer, were to pass from men's minds, and that it is the business of philosophy to keep alive an awareness of these problems. Presumably, then, what is incompatible with mental maturity is not the raising of metaphysical problems but thinking that they have been answered or can be answered in a definite manner, by philosophic, as distinct from scientific means. The voices of Auguste Comte and J. S. Mill are still to be heard; and, though Lord Russell speaks of himself as "the last survivor of a dead epoch," I do not think that he need fear that the attitude of mind which he represents will ever disappear. There always have been metaphysicians and anti-metaphysicians, believers and sceptics, successively if not simultaneously; and I suppose that there always will be. Of course, if Communism were to win a complete triumph, both Lord Russell and the present reviewer would be silenced; and the nonsense known as "dialectical thinking" would reign supreme. But I doubt if its reign would last very long. Man may not be a "rational animal" in the sense in which Lord Russell understands the phrase; but he has his rational moments.

FREDERICK C. COPLESTON

AN UNTYPICAL ELIZABETHAN

The Tragedy of Philotas, by Samuel Daniel, edited with introduction and notes by Laurence Michel (Yale University Press; Oxford University Press 30s).

EVEN the admirers of Samuel Daniel will admit that the interest and importance of *The Tragedy of Philotas* is academic rather than artistic. Daniel could not write bad lines. He was too talented and too conscientious. But the delicate and detailed moral observation which made him a poignant sonneteer made him also a dull dramatist. The play is almost entirely without action, a condition which should merely imply the substitution of a dynamic of ideas for one of physical motion. A dynamic of one kind or another, creating a tension, there must be in the nature of Drama. In *Philotas* not only are the characters discussing what has already happened, but they all seem to be equally well-informed of the facts. From beginning to end there is no change of mood; each speaker's prime object seems to be to outdo his neighbour in rhetorical finesse. The result is a play which must have been well-nigh unactable, except before the most select and literary of audiences.

Daniel had a fastidious repugnance for the rabble and for popular pretensions, on the one hand; on the other he abhorred the abuses of power-greedy courtiers. He was, of course, no democrat in any of the modern senses. Government for him was a sacred trust, regulated by the moral laws of traditional religion; but the idea that the bias of an amorphous majority was fair and right would have appeared to him as only ridiculous.

Again and again not only in *Philotas* but in his more memorable works like the *Civil Wars* he points how

. . . th'easie multitude
Transported take the party of distresse;
And only out of passions doe conclude,
Not out of iudgement of mens practises.

The new edition of *Philotas* is a thorough and scholarly effort made by Laurence Michel of Yale University. The previous Grosart edition was most inadequate, being arbitrary and inaccurate. As well as giving a report of the relation of the editions collated by him, Mr. Michel has dealt at some length with the parallel between the disgrace and execution of Daniel's patron Essex, and the story, taken from Plutarch, of this play, which tells of the downfall of Philotas, the prince and soldier in the service of Alexander, whose pride inflamed his enemies to destroy him on a charge of treason. The likeness between the conduct and personality of Philotas of the play and Essex of real

life are, in fact, extraordinarily bold, even to the final breakdown of the resistance after an initial brave and clear-headed defence. When in his final distraction Dr. Mountford and Dr. Barlow were sent to Essex finally "to persuade him" they found him already "more ready to reveal than it became them to enquire." While Philotas, after torture

. . . so forgot

Himself that he now was more forward to
Confesse, than they to urge him thereunto.

It is not a matter for surprise that the play got Daniel into trouble, even though he made it clear that while he admired much in Essex, he deplored the disorder caused by "restlesse ambition." As a reflection of the influence of external events upon a serious writer, *Philotas* can never be ignored by scholars, and there are passages of verse which give delight and would lose nothing by escaping from their context.

JOHN CHANDOS

AN IMPORTANT HISTORY

England: Past, Present and Future, by Douglas Jerrold (Dent 10s 6d).

MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD has long been recognized as one of the best political commentators of the day. The task of political commentary is at best a thankless one, albeit fascinating; it requires a quick eye, a ready wit, and a perfected style. Mr. Jerrold possesses all these gifts in abundance: but he comes to his task equipped with something even more important still, and that is, the knowledge of the historian. For we are apt, under the influence of the daily press, to regard political events as items in a recurrent news-reel, amusing or boring as the case may be, a sort of non-stop show performed for the entertainment of such as care to turn their attention to it. It is Mr. Jerrold's task, of which this latest book marks an important stage, to relate the politics of today with the political history of the past, and so to show that only with such a wide picture in his mind can anyone presume to guess with any chance of accuracy what future developments there may be yet to come. But in this instance the historian is even better equipped than most for his task, for he is alive to the all important fact, the ignoring of which is, and has been, the bane of too many of our native historical writers, that religion is a more vital factor in the lives of men than politics.

This book, then, is a history of England set against the background of Europe. Starting with a chapter on Origins we arrive at p. 111 (there are over 300 pages altogether) at the Nineteenth Century; the

rest of the work is devoted to present-day problems. I wish I had space to quote some of the epigrams ("the authentic Canterbury bell which exorcises nothing but enthusiasm"), or indeed the no less epigrammatic summings-up of events, such as this: "The Great Rebellion failed because it was not a Rebellion but an attempted Revolution. Twenty years later the Glorious Revolution was to succeed because it was only a somewhat inglorious rebellion." Mr. Jerrold is no mere debunker; he is a passionately serious writer: but he does, in passing, very thoroughly deal with certain hoary legends of the Left such as the exclusive responsibility of Conservative governments for unemployment from 1920 to 1939, and the no less bewhiskered theory that the second world war could have been prevented either by a bellicose attitude on the part of the Chamberlain administration or by an alliance with Soviet Russia. "All the British statesmen of that era made the same fundamental mistake of imagining that a foreign policy consists of the periodical utterance of elevated sentiments. . . . Our foreign policy failed in the thirties [because] we never made up our minds what it was we wanted. If we wished to stop Hitler without a war we had to pay blackmail either to Russia or to Italy. We had to sacrifice part of Abyssinia and possibly also Albania, or . . . part of Poland and the Baltic Republics and probably part of Roumania. If we had to fight we still could only do so with any hope of securing our war aims if we had a reliable ally, and France was not a reliable ally." That is a very just summing-up of the situation as it then was; and it is well that a generation which is rapidly moving away from personal knowledge of that time should at any rate have the chance in a book such as this of ascertaining the true circumstances which moulded the decisions taken in those fateful days: it is also devoutly to be hoped that they will avail themselves of what, they may rest assured, will be a highly rewarding opportunity.

J. H. F. McEWEN

THE SOVIET PATTERN

The Bolshevik Revolution, 1917-1923, Vol. I, by E. H. Carr (Macmillan 25s).

Why I Escaped, by Peter Pirogov (Harvill 12s 6d).

Must Night Fall?, by Tufton Beamish, M.C., M.P. (Hollis and Carter 12s 6d).

HISTORY offers few parallels to the threat now hanging over the Christian world and the whole of Western Europe, and one has to go back to the dark days which followed the fall of Constantinople to discover a similar moment of destiny in the fate of mankind. In 1453 it was the fanatical power of the Turks which threatened the West, and, today, it is the Soviet Union with its anti-Christian doctrine of Communism. Thus any new book which helps to understand the power and intellectual doctrines of the Soviet Russians and their satellites is helpful reading in these troubled times. Such a work is Professor Carr's long-awaited history of the Bolshevik Revolution, which is the most ambitious book yet published by this well-known expert on Eastern European affairs.

This history is a formidable work of erudition and it is not easy reading. But Professor Carr handles his mass of historical documents with a consummate ease, and the manner in which he traces the rise of the Bolshevik Party and the triumph of Lenin is a *tour de force*. This book must be studied by anyone who wants to understand the policy and mental outlook of the men now ruling in the Kremlin. Several significant but disturbing facts emerge from this impartial, well-documented history. First of all, the technique of revolution does not change. Professor Carr quotes Lenin as saying in 1901: "In principle we have never renounced terror and cannot renounce it," and, although Lenin started to preach moderation at the beginning of the Russian Revolution, events soon forced him to be as ruthless as the leaders of the French Revolution. Indeed, this history proves that Lenin, contrary to many people's ideas, was just as merciless and cruel as his successor, Stalin.

A second and more frightening fact is the manner in which the Russian Communists, once they had used the more moderate Russian Socialist parties, destroyed them when they were confident in their own power. This is a piece of history too often forgotten by Soviet Russian sympathizers in the West. Yet this *History of the Bolshevik Revolution* proves conclusively that the leaders of the Soviet Union have always aimed at world revolution, and that they merely use the Socialist parties in other countries to further their own ends. Indeed, both Lenin and Stalin have never disguised their final political aim: world revolution; so it is rather surprising that we continue to hope that is not true.

Why I Escaped is a personal account by a former officer in the Red Air Force of how he became disillusioned with conditions in the Soviet Union and why he decided to escape to the American Zone in Austria. It is a moving and impressive book because its young Soviet Russian author is obviously sincere, and because it gives a most interesting account of his childhood and education in Soviet Russia. Peter Pirogov was born in 1922. At this period, the Bolshevik Party, or Russian Communist Party, had achieved supreme power, and the *kulaks* or peasant landowners were being liquidated. Peter's father, a *kulak*, was evicted from his village, but this did not deter the youngster from being an eager supporter of the Party. Indeed, Pirogov went on being an ardent Communist until he was disillusioned by various experiences during the recent World War. The picture which he draws of the Red Air Force and of his comrades is both touching and depressing. For these young Russian pilots and airmen are obviously kind and likeable young men, and the reader feels that if only they were given a chance to know and understand the West they would be both friendly and co-operative. But Pirogov points out over and over again how impossible it is for any intelligent young Russian to learn about real conditions in the Western democracies, and how the Soviet Russian authorities violently curb any move in this direction.

Undoubtedly it is encouraging to learn that there are a number of young Russians, like Peter Pirogov, still living inside the Soviet Union, but this author's vivid description of the difficulties which he and his comrade, Barsov, endured before they managed to escape does not give much hope for any real contact between the Soviet Union and the West.

Major Tufton Beamish's *Must Night Fall?* is an account of conditions in Poland, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Hungary since they have fallen under Soviet Russian influence. The author has visited all four countries since the war and what he relates fits in all too sombrely with the Soviet Russian ideas enunciated in *The Bolshevik Revolution*. In each country there has been a systematic elimination of all real democratic elements, and Major Tufton Beamish goes to great pains to trace the manner in which the local Communist Parties have gradually destroyed the large and important Socialist groups in these unhappy lands.

I happened to be one of the few war correspondents in Eastern Europe in 1944 when both Rumania and Bulgaria were being "liberated" by the Red Army, and witnessed many of the events described in this book. What makes the facts related by Major Tufton Beamish so tragic is that at this period the peoples of both Rumania and Bulgaria both believed in the Soviet Russian promises that they would be allowed to choose their own form of democratic govern-

ment, and that the nationalist and Socialist leaders like Maniu and G. M. Dimitrov, leader of the Bulgarian Agrarian Party, both actively helped the Soviet Russians.

Must Night Fall?, which is carefully documented, is yet another warning to the West. It is a terrible indictment of Soviet Russian political methods, and shows clearly that Moscow has no scruples in using treachery, lies, or in tearing up treaties if the final Soviet aim of world revolution can be achieved.

Perhaps the last word on the problem of Soviet Russia can be left to one of her greatest writers, Dostoevsky. Attacking the Russian revolutionaries in one of his last novels, *The Possessed*, he makes the disappointed intellectual Stepan Trofimovitch exclaim, referring to the story of the Gadarene Swine: "My friend . . . You see, that's exactly like our Russia, those devils that come out of the sick man and enter into the swine. They are all the sores, all the foul contagions, all the impurities, all the devils great and small that have multiplied in that great invalid, our beloved Russia, in the course of ages and ages. . . . But a great idea and a great will will encompass it from on high, as that lunatic possessed of devils. . . . They are us, . . . and I perhaps at the head of them, and we shall cast ourselves down, possessed and raving, from the rocks into the sea, and we shall all be drowned. . . . But the sick man will be healed and 'will sit at the feet of Jesus,' and all will look upon him with astonishment."

DEREK PATMORE

FROM KIERKEGAARD TO SARTRE

Introduction to Kierkegaard, by Régis Jolivet. Translated by W. H. Barber (Frederick Muller 15s).

Le problème de la mort chez M. Heidegger et J.-P. Sartre, by Régis Jolivet (Editions de Fontenelle, Abbaye Saint Wandrille 300 fr).

A VERY considerable amount of Kierkegaard's literary work is now available in English translation. But for most people some introduction to Kierkegaard is necessary; for one requires a preliminary knowledge of the philosopher's life and of the general lines of development of his thought before one can find one's way about his writings with any ease. In other words, one needs a clue or a map. A number of such maps already exist; but the publication in English of Professor Jolivet's introduction to Kierkegaard is fully justified. It is comparatively short; it is written by a Catholic philosopher of wide and intelligent sympathies; and, though it is obviously the fruit of much reading and thought, it is not burdened by an array of detailed information or by an unnecessary apparatus of scholarship. Reflection

is certainly required in order to understand the work properly; but understanding is not made difficult by the presence of superfluous academic material.

One of the great merits of Professor Jolivet's book is the balanced and sure judgment of which it gives ample evidence. Take, for example, Kierkegaard's treatment of faith. The author skilfully distinguishes what, in this treatment, is fundamentally true and valuable, what is clearly due to the influence of Luther, and what is the reflection of a psychological conflict in Kierkegaard himself. It is no small tribute to the author if one says that the total effect of his work is to increase one's admiration for and appreciation of Kierkegaard precisely through an understanding, at once discriminating and sympathetic, of the various strands in the latter's thought.

The question has sometimes been raised whether Kierkegaard, had he lived longer, would have become a Catholic. In my opinion, Professor Jolivet very properly refuses to discuss such a useless question. But he rightly remarks that the direction of Kierkegaard's thought was away from Protestantism and towards Catholicism. The man who could say, near the end of his life, that "Protestantism is worldliness from beginning to end" and that, the more he studies it, the more clearly he sees that "Protestantism has produced a fundamental confusion in Christianity" cannot possibly be regarded as a Protestant champion, however much some of his main ideas may have been influenced by Lutheranism. Even though he never became a Catholic (how much did he really know of Catholicism?) and even given his emphasis on the individualistic aspects of religion, it is clear that Kierkegaard did not look upon Protestantism, at least as he knew it in Denmark, as a favourable milieu for "becoming a Christian." He once remarked rather caustically that Protestants had abolished the canonization of ascetics and martyrs and substituted for it the canonization of the *bourgeoisie*.

In another work Professor Jolivet considers the problem of death in Heidegger and Sartre. He speaks of the "obsession with death, which marks contemporary sensibility." I cannot say that I have noticed this obsession in our own country; but a number of our philosophers would, I suppose, rule out the problem of death (which means, of course, the problem of the significance and purpose of human existence) as a pseudo-problem. The author, however, is convinced that reason can attain a partial solution of the problem, though he rightly observes that "it would serve no purpose to deny that our conception of death and of life owes part of its certainty and stability to the lights which we receive from faith."

Professor Jolivet's treatment of the problem of death in Heidegger and Sartre is well worth reading; and it is interesting to observe how

he has been influenced by Gabriel Marcel. On Sartre the author is, I think, particularly good; but his interpretation of Heidegger is not immune from criticism. He is perfectly justified, of course, in giving the interpretation of Heidegger which is accepted by Sartre, since he considers the latter's criticism of the former. But Heidegger does not believe that Sartre has understood him; and Heidegger ought to know what the true interpretation of his thought is. It is true that Professor Jolivet draws attention in a note to Heidegger's letter on humanism to Jean Beaufret; but is it sufficient to say that Heidegger "seems to suggest the possibility of a different interpretation"? After all, Heidegger has explicitly stated that by his existential analysis of man he did not mean to state that man is a purely this-worldly being, and that the use he makes of the term "Nothingness" should not be taken as an affirmation of philosophical nihilism. However, even if not all the ideas ascribed to Heidegger represent the intended direction of the latter's thought, this obviously does not affect the validity of the author's criticism of those ideas, considered in themselves.

FREDERICK C. COPLESTON

INTEGRAL THEOLOGY

La Sainte Trinité et les Sacrements, by Fr. Taymans d'Eypernon, S.J. (Bruxelles: L'Édition Universelle; Paris: Desclée de Brouwer).

THE Christian life is the life of the triune God communicated to men by the medium of the Incarnation. It is therefore thoroughly appropriate that Fr. Taymans d'Eypernon should have followed up his book *Le Mystère Primordial* with a work on the Sacraments in which the doctrine of the Trinity plays the part of a synthetizing principle. His general theological attitude might be described as a realism of the Incarnation; it is therefore not surprising that he opens his treatment with a discussion of sacramental causality in which he rejects the moralist and occasionalist views in favour of a physicalist view whose basis is the real union of the Christian with Christ in the Mystical Body of the Church. "Throughout the work of redemption," he writes, "there is expressed a law which applies universally, that of *salvation realised by contact*." And again, "grace is the resurrection already begun in us, by a real participation in the glorious life of Christ."

The Sacraments are dealt with in succession, and in each case the author is at pains to expound the sacrament both in its relation to the Mystical Body of the Church and in its relation to the triune life of God in which the Christian shares. There is thus an almost entire and very welcome absence of the individualism and psychologism which have weakened and atomized so much sacramental theology. All that

can be attempted here is to summarize some of Fr. Taymans d'Eypernon's most striking points.

Baptism is the sacrament of supernatural birth, the communication to man by grace of the sonship which the Divine Word eternally enjoys by nature. Confirmation is "the sacrament which makes us workmen"; the "confirmed Christian shares in the creative universalism of the Word." Penance is the means by which the Mystical Body heals its wounded members: "the patient must bring his injured hand or arm to the doctor, and the doctor must apply the remedy, but it is the life of the body which, from within, appropriates the remedy and brings about the cure." Marriage, between baptized Christians, is of necessity sacramental, for it applies, to the natural human union, the union between Christ and the Church in which the individual parties already participate by their baptism. But Christian marriage, although it operates in the order of grace, does not itself place the newly born offspring in that order; to place them there and to bring them to their full supernatural development is the function of the Church's ministerial activity, and the Sacrament of Orders is thus, from this point of view, the counterpart and the complement of the Sacrament of Marriage. "Marriage unites the parties in view of the fruitfulness of the body; orders gives to the priest the fruitfulness of the spirit". Extreme Unction invests the finality and irrevocability of the universal human act of dying with the total self-offering of the death of Christ. And, lastly, the Eucharist, which "fulfils all the other sacraments," is above all else the sacrament of joy and fruition. It has as its purpose the transformation of the person of the Christian in the Person of Christ, and "to be transformed in the Person of the Son is to meet the other two divine Persons as a son and to develop with them the relations which characterize the divine Sonship." "The son of adoption, united to the Word by communion, finds himself with the Son in the bosom of the Father."

This very incomplete summary can give little indication of the unity and inclusiveness of Fr. Taymans d'Eypernon's book. If at times the trinitarian implications which he finds may seem rather remote, that may well be because the present reviewer has considered the theme less fully and profoundly than the author. It is, however, unfortunate that quotations in French from the Greek fathers are accompanied by the Latin of Migne and not by the Greek original. And, on p. 125, the author seems to have momentarily forgotten that there are married priests in communion with the Holy See.

E. L. MASCALL

CATHOLICISM

Roman Catholicism, by T. Corbishley, S.J. (Hutchinson 7s 6d).

THIS contribution from a scholarly pen to the Christian Religion series in Hutchinson's University Library is at the same time popular and authoritative. The Master of Campion Hall has presented his subject in a spacious and charitable manner. The result is by no means a mere condensation of the tractatus *De Ecclesia* or *De Vera Religione*; and yet at the same time presents the development and conclusions of those works in a manner that should be appreciated by the ordinary intelligent non-Catholic enquirer.

The first four chapters on the Function and Unity of the Church, on Dogma and Morality give the foundation of the Catholic claims in the most reasonable terms. The fifth chapter on "The Catholic View of History," with its philosophical approach, is one of the best brief essays we have ever read on this subject. The sixth and seventh chapters deal with the question of the Church and Human Progress and Catholicism in the modern world. And finally, Fr. Corbishley gives a wide survey and explanation of Catholic life and practice, with an Appendix on the Church's organization and government.

Controversy, as far as possible, is avoided. And the book therefore should be something of a revelation for the modern rationalist who has little sympathy with the divergences among Christians and still less appreciation thereof. It will certainly pander to the Englishman's love for under-statement and by its charity should move many to consider the Catholic Church's claim to be Christ's "Way."

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